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VOL. X.—No. 236.]

FEBRUARY 1, 1851.

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Drs. Every, Kennedy, Beatty, Burke, of the Rifle Brigade, Comins, deputy inspector of hospitals, and surgeon Hayden, of Dublin, have given letters to the same effect.

Sir Humphrey Davy testified that this Solution forms soluble combinations with uric acid salts in cases of gout and gravel, thereby counteracting their injurious tendency, when other alkalies, and even Magnesia itself, had failed. With the Acidulated Syrup the Fluid Magnesia forms the most delightful of saline drinks.

Physicians will please specify Murray's Fluid Magnesia in their prescriptions, to avoid the danger of adulterations and substitutions.

Sold by the sole consignee, Mr. Bailey, of North-street, Wolverhampton; and by all wholesale and retail Druggists and Medicine Agents throughout the British Empire, in bottles, 1s., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 21s. each.

N.B.—Be sure to ask for "Sir James Murray's Preparation," and to see that his name is stamped on each label in green ink, as follows:—"James Murray, Physician to the Lord Lieutenant."



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THE LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL will be published also in Monthly Parts, price 1s., and in Quarterly Parts, price 3s., for the convenience of Country Readers and Book-Club circulation. The Part for February 1 is now ready.

## To Readers and Correspondents.

The seventh number of THE JOURNAL OF THE EXHIBITION, will be published on Saturday, February 15.

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## THE CRITIC: LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL, PEEPS INTO THE LITERARY CIRCLES OF LONDON.

BY ONE AMONG THEM.

No. 2.

If you please, friend reader, you shall (in imagination) accompany me to one of these *réunions* of which I discoursed to you. We will repair this evening to Mrs. LOUDON's, as pretty a little country-like cottage as a poet could desire, in the midst of a garden, with real trees, and shrubs, and flowers all round it, and a verandah covered with creeping plants and roses as gay and sweet as if they were twenty miles from London, instead of trying to look over a high wall into Kensington Gardens.

A tolerable crowd is already assembled, but first let me introduce you to our excellent hostess.

You feel how welcome you are by that hearty shake of the hand, and you see it in the kind, cordial face that greets you. In a moment you are at home.

It is a friendly face, pale, and bearing traces of mental toil, with the pallor of impaired health. But there is no sadness in that countenance, the eye is bright, and the spirit is joyous, and the smile indicates that "the bosom's lord sits lightly on her throne." Mrs. LOUDON, as you are probably aware, but lest you should not be, I repeat the information, was first

known to the world as the authoress of *The Mummy*, a novel which made a great noise in its day for the daring flights of invention which it exhibited. It was a supposed picture of the world a century hence, when science had multiplied her discoveries. The remarkable features of the work were the many *anticipations* it contained of inventions which, at the time she wrote, philosophers had scarcely dreamed of, but some of the most wonderful of which are already realized. If you have a leisure evening, send for *The Mummy* to any old circulating library, on whose shelves it will probably yet be found, and you will form from it a very high estimate of Mrs. LOUDON's abilities as a novelist, and still higher of her scientific acquirements.

It is said, but for this we cannot vouch, that it was to *The Mummy* that she was indebted for a kind husband, whose name was then more famous than her own. Mr. LOUDON, the author of so many valuable works on Horticulture, and Arboriculture, and Natural History, was struck with the singular powers displayed by the then anonymous writer of *The Mummy*, traced the authorship, called on the young authoress whose pen had been thus employed for the worthy purpose of procuring an independent subsistence and aiding a widowed mother, and being as pleased with the person as with the book, offered her his hand, which was accepted. Nor had Mr. LOUDON cause to repent the choice he had made. He found in his wife an industrious, intelligent, and invaluable assistant and ally in his numerous literary enterprises. It was with the aid of her ready pen and by the aptitude with which she devoted herself to the acquisition of the sciences in which he was engaged, that he was enabled to produce those laborious books which to this day are the authorities on their several subjects. For not only did he compile the Dictionaries that have taken his name, each a monument of industry, but he edited *The Magazine of Natural History* and the *Gardener's Chronicle*, besides bringing out many works of lesser magnitude. In all of them that little, pale, unpretending, unaffected lady there before us took an active part, cheering her husband through the difficulties which always beset enterprises so mighty. But he died prematurely, overworked, worn out, before he had reaped the harvest of his toils, leaving his wife and a young daughter to struggle with the world—their only inheritance, the father's fame—their only trust, their own energies and God. She had learned in her own youth the lesson of self-reliance. She had laboured all her life and she was not likely to falter now that a fair child was dependant upon her. With unflinching spirit she renewed her toils, she wrought day and night, she wrote delightful books for children, and edited beautiful botanical books, and so cleverly, and with such fullness of knowledge upon every subject she treated of, that her contributions were eagerly sought by the periodicals, and the publishers were anxious to possess her manuscripts. She was thus by untiring industry enabled to keep the position in which she had been left and receive under her own roof the notables of the world of literature and art, by whom she is as respected for her accomplishments as an authoress, as esteemed and loved for her qualities as a woman.

Now you will look at her with more interest, knowing something of her history, and you will understand the meaning of that *worn* expression. It tells the tale I have told you. It is the silent language of a life of toil.

But you will see it *only* there. The voice is free and joyous, the spirit is gay and glad, the step is elastic, the laugh is ready upon the lips.

Talk to her, on any subject you please, you will find her always well-informed and always *sensible*; she appreciates excellence in every shape, in art, in literature, in science: she understands books, pictures, music, the drama, and gives reasons for her opinions. You are charmed, but she plays the hostess to-night, so you must not engross her attention, Let us pass on.

See, the room is full of groups in earnest conversation; four or five in a circle. You will hear all the news of the world of literature and art. Listen for a moment.

"Mrs. JAMIESON has completed her work on Ancient Art. The last volume is to appear shortly. I hear it has been very successful." "The next Exhibition of the Academy is to be the greatest ever seen: anticipating the visit of all nations, the painters are putting forth all their powers. Every one of the R. A.'s exhibits." "Have you seen OWEN JONES's water-colour picture of the Crystal Palace: it is superb; it is a view of the interior, as it *will* be, furnished; he sends it to the Water-Colour Gallery." "Who knows when WORDSWORTH's *Life* is to appear?" "Oh, the printing of it has just commenced."

Who is that old gentleman with so singularly fine a face? That comfortable personage in the arm-chair, his dark eye beaming benevolence, his face a very model of *bonhomie*, smiling content and satisfaction on all around, laughing like a boy at every joke, the friend of every person about him, the genius of sociability—is WILLIAM SPENCE (I can't call him Mr.) the entomologist—he whose name is linked in fame with that of KIRBY, and to whom science is indebted for first making the insect world known as a world of wonders surpassing even those presented by the giants of creation. I am not surprised that he attracted your notice: you never looked upon a more pleasing face than that. You cannot picture it ruffled with anger or unkindness. Nature has written upon it goodness, humanity, and cheerfulness. You cannot help loving the old man, though you have not spoken to him. And he is what his face bespeaks him. It is a fact to be remembered of him and his colleague, Mr. KIRBY, that although their famous *Entomology* was published under their joint names, it is not known to this day in what proportions each contributed to this work. *Each gave the credit of it to the other.* This little trait shows the characters of the men.

Mr. SPENCE is, of course, one of the Council of the Zoological Society, and I dare to say will give you any information you may desire as to that interesting Institution. He will tell you that the story of the capture of the Hippopotamus, as told in *Household Words*, is almost literally true; that the fat water-pig has been a source of extraordinary advantage to the society, having added upwards of 3,000*l.* to its funds during the last season, after payment of the enormous expenses of its transit and maintenance.

That young man in the corner, with smooth, boyish, inexpressive face, brown hair, and grey eyes, rather tall, thin, and with very loose limbs, is the younger DOYLE, the inimitable sketcher of "Ye Manners and Customs of ye English," formerly *Punch's* most valued contributor, but who has seceded from a lucrative employment there because, being a Roman Catholic, he cannot sanction its attacks upon his faith. There is a courage and self-sacrifice in this which cannot but be respected, and it is in strict accordance with the whole character of the man. He is very modest, almost diffident. He does not appear to be at all conscious that he is one whom people look at; he rather shrinks from observation. And how silent he is! You would not suppose him to be observant either, for his eyes appear to be as still as his form. But he must be looking out from under those drooping lids, and taking notes in his memory, where what he sees is daguerreotyped. I do not know if he is a very strict Catholic, but he conveys the idea of one who strictly observes the fasts. By the bye, I may as well notify to you that the number of Roman Catholics in the Literary World is very great, and especially among the Artists.

But at this point I must pause, for the space allotted to me in the Journal is filled. *Ad revoir.*

HISTORICAL GLEANINGS OF THE  
GEORGIAN ERA.*Reign of George the First. 1714—1727.**(Continued from page 28.)*

BUT that which is the most striking feature in the condition of a country, and which most serves to characterize each particular era, is the domestic state of it, more especially as regards its moral condition, the sort of crime which prevails, and the means of travelling at that period possessed by the inhabitants.

The following is from one of the journals of the day of the year 1715.

"*Barnet, July 6.*—This morning about four o'clock, the Northampton and Huntingdon coaches were robb'd by two short fellows mask'd, but the face of one of them, his mask not being large enough, did in some measure appear to be full of pock holes, with a short chin. They took from the passengers a silver hilted sword, a little bruised at the upper end of the bow, a mourning ring of Sir Charles Adderley, and an old silver watch engraved on the face of it in a small letter, Chapeney. 'Tis wished that by these circumstances they may be detected, and that some honest man may be thereby entitled to the reward of 40*l.* for each of them, according to the act of Parliament.

"One of the gentlemen they robb'd was a reverend and worthy clergyman."

The robberies of persons in the streets of London and Westminster, and the breaking open of houses in the night, were carried on to a very great extent at this period, and numerous advertisements and proclamations are contained in the newspapers relating to these transactions, and offering rewards for the apprehension of the persons concerned. In one of the journals of the 3rd of February, 1718, is offered a reward of Fifty Guineas, for apprehending the person who barbarously assaulted GUY DICKENS, secretary to the Duke of Bolton, on Friday night, as he was going home between twelve and one, in Rider's Court, turning into Cranbourne Alley near Leicester fields, by a man who lay hid in a corner with a sword drawn.

At the Old Bailey sessions held during January in this year, among those sentenced to death were one for murder, five for robberies on the highway, three women for breaking open houses in the day time, a boy for shop-lifting, and a man for stealing a woman's pocket. We are also informed by one of the journals, that

"John Price, late hangman, is to be executed next Wednesday in Bunhill fields, but is not to be hang'd in chains; three or four of the malefactors condemned along with him are to die the same day at Tyburn."

An advertisement of this period which notifies the apprehension of two persons who are suspected of housebreaking, and robbing on the highway, thus describes them:

"They both wear wigs, one has a frowning downish look, the other has very high cheek bones. They had, when seized, a pair of pistols each, two large knives, a chissel without a handle, a sack, and 2 cords with tinder boxes, matches and gunpowder. One rode on a grey mare, the other on a bay mare; they had no boots, only spurs, and it is expected there are more in the gang."

"Any persons who have been robb'd, are desir'd to go and view them in the Marshalsea."

The advertisement which follows may serve as a sample of many others of this nature with which the journals of this period abound. In that before us it will be observed that reference is made to the notorious JONATHAN WILDE for negotiations respecting the restoration of the goods; and that the advertisement concludes with a declaration that there shall be "no questions ask'd" of the restorer of the property. An act of Parliament was however passed some time after this, which inflicted capital punishment on any one who received back stolen property from a thief without prosecuting the offender, and for this crime it was that JONATHAN WILDE was executed.

"Lost out of a gentleman's chambers in the Temple, on Sunday night last, a pocket book and a purse, in

which, amongst other odd things of very little value, was an old small picture on a copper plate.

"Whoever brings or sends the book and purse with the other things to Mr. Jonathan Wilde, in the Old Bailey, shall have 2 guineas reward for the whole, or 1 guinea for the picture only, and no questions ask'd."

Occasionally, however, some of the depredations of this period were committed in the most open manner, large bodies of persons going about armed, and setting at defiance the laws and government of the country.

The *Daily Courant* of 1718, records the following:

"*June 26.*—We hear a great number of men arm'd did lately come several times in the night in a riotous and tumultuous manner into the Lord Bishop of Winchester's Park at Farnham, particularly on the 2nd of this instant June, between the hours of twelve and one in the night, and fired at the deer, horses, and cattle there, and then shouted very often, speaking many disrespectful words of His Majesty and Government, and threatening to kill the men and cattle in and about the castle and Park; and several deer (besides what might be killed and carried off), are wounded and lamed, and one Horse kill'd on the spot. And on Saturday, the 21st instant, a great number of men arm'd came again into the said park, and set fire to the lodge, standing about 'till it was burnt to the ground; after which they gave a volley and huzza, declaring aloud they would do further mischief, by setting fire to the castle, and leave no living creature in the Park."

From the public journals of this time, and more especially from the advertisements contained in them, some quaint though lively descriptions may be gathered of the travelling accommodation afforded to our ancestors, with which the convenience experienced in these days of railroads and steam packets very strongly contrasts.

The *Daily Courant* of the 22nd of May 1719, contains the following announcement:

"All gentlemen and others that have a mind to go for Edinburgh in North Britain, a coach and coachman with six able horses will be ready to return from Mr. Rogers's at the George Inn in the Haymarket, St. James's, the 30th day of May."

Another advertisement is to the following effect:

"At the Hat and Tun, at the upper end of Hatton Garden, on Monday, the 17th instant, sets out an empty coach for the Bath, and will carry any gentlemen or ladies very reasonable."

The above relate to ordinary conveyances; but the following is of an extraordinary character, both as regards the nature of the vehicle in question, and the description of passengers sought to be allured within its walls:

"For the benefit of the distress'd."

"In few days (if God permit), will set out for the Bath a large commodious waggon, which will conveniently hold 36 persons; and these being but 6 places yet taken, such weak persons as are willing to take the advantage of this conveyance, are desired speedily to send in their names to Robert Knight, waggoner, at the 3 Crowns in Arlington-street. The said waggon luns at the King's Head, near the King's Bath, at Bath."

"This Invention is of the same nature of Mr. Green's carriage to Scotland, but much improv'd as containing 3 times the number of passengers."

Travelling however at this time appears to have been as dangerous as it must have been disagreeable. To both these circumstances the nature of the vehicles in use largely conduced. To the former especially the lawless state of the country chiefly contributed, and very numerous accounts of the depredations on travellers are furnished by the public journals of this date. One of these has already been extracted; but the papers of a later period, about the years 1722 and 1723 abound with paragraphs of the following description:

"*London, Jan. 11.*—There were no Western Letters yesterday, the Mail being robbed on Monday last, between Eleven and twelve at night, in the road near Chinoek, in the Midway between Crewkern and Sherburn, by one Footpad, who carried off the bags belonging to all the Towns between the Lands end and Yeovil."

"*London, Feb. 22.*—The Western Mail being robb'd on Tuesday morning about four, near Sherburn in Dorsetshire, by two foot-pads, who tied the Post-boy, and

carried away the Plymouth and Exeter bags, there are no letters from the West this post."

It would appear that in the latter case the offender was detected and brought to justice, as the following notice appears in one of the subsequent journals:—

"*London, March 15.*—On Friday last one Bruckfield, a Trooper, was tried and convicted at the assizes held at Dorchester, for robbing the Western Mail near Sherburn; the other person apprehended for the same fact being unwarily drawn in, was admitted evidence against him; and the said Bruckfield was sentenced to be executed, and afterwards to be hang'd in chains."

Persons of a respectable station in life were occasionally suspected of being concerned in these depredations, which must have been sometimes productive of considerable booty.

"*London, Sept. 8.*—On Thursday last, between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the Canterbury coach coming up to London was robb'd by one Highwayman on Bexley Heath; two countrymen that immediately came by having notice of it pursued and overtook him on Blackheath; and he finding it impossible to escape, pistoll'd himself at the right ear, and instantly fell down dead from his horse. He was a thin man, about 23 years old, very well dress'd; and by his awkward management he seem'd to be no great proficient in that sort of business. His body now lies at the Green Man alehouse, at the lower end of Black-heath."

"*London, Sept. 15.*—We hear that the Highwayman who shot himself on Blackheath was a young gentleman belonging to the sea, that his name was Whittaker, and that he was of a good family, not far from this city."

A subsequent journal mentions that the highwayman in question was brought in by the coroner as a self-murderer, wrapped in an old blanket and buried on Blackheath; and that a stake was driven through his body. Another newspaper states:

"Charlesworth, the solicitor, who had been several times try'd in Kent and Middlesex for the Highway and acquitted, is again committed to Newgate upon suspicion of felony."

The acquittal of this gentleman at the Rochester Assizes is, however, soon afterwards recorded.

But, perhaps, there is nothing which presents a more lively picture of the state of the times than the advertisements of different kinds which are contained in the various newspapers of this period.

"Ran away from his mistress the 24th instant, a Negro man, upwards of 20 years of age, pitted with the small pox, hard favour'd, splay-footed, and goes with his knees something inwards, a strip'd linen fustion or blue waistcoat and breeches, and a blue coat. Whoever gives notice of him so as he may be had again, to His Mistress at the Hat and Bonnet in the Strand, or at the Pensylvania Coffee House in Burchin lane, shall have 2 guineas reward, and reasonable charges."

"Ran away from Mrs. Cole, in Arundel Street, a negro maid, pretty short, inclining to fat, of a yellowish complexion, down look, about 22 years of age, goes by the name of Kitty, wears sometimes a black and white callico yarn, and sometimes a red and white waistcoat. If she return she shall be kindly receiv'd, or whoever discovers her, and brings her to Mr. Isaac Hill, attorney, in Lad Lane, against Milk Street, shall have 2 guineas reward."

Several of the advertisements respecting the sale of goods are headed "a good penniworth"—"an extraordinary penniworth"—and there is one commencing "two light chariots to be sold for a penniworth."

Quack medicines too would appear to have been then in full fashion.

"The most volatile smelling-bottle in the world; which momentarily fetches the most dismal fainting or swooning fits, and in a minute removes flushing, vapours, head-ache, dulness, mognims, &c., \* \* keeps up the spirits to a miracle; by its use admits of no faintings, but invigorates and enlivens the whole man, recreates and makes cheerful altho' never so sad, and in a moment raises all the sensitive faculties."

Another advertisement commences, "the vapours in women infallibly cured in one instant, so as never to return again."

The following is a quack advertisement of this period of another description.

"Young gentlemen are completely qualified for any matter of business, free from the interruptions and los



of time in Common Schools, at the accountant's office erected for that purpose in Little Tower Street; where they are taught to perfection writing, arithmetic, and merchants accounts from the methods in use in real business."

A theatrical announcement is conveyed in these terms:—

"Not acted these two years, for the Widow Bowen, to make up the deficiency of her last benefit. By His Majesty's company of Comedians.

"At the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane on Monday next the 25th of May, will be presented a Comedy, 'She would if she could.' Written by Sir George Etteridge. With Entertainments of Dancing both serious and comic by Mr. Shaw, Mr. Thurmond, Mr. Topham, Mrs. Santlaw, Mrs. Younger, and Mrs. Tenoe."

Literary advertisements, though not nearly so common as the others, are occasionally to be found in the newspapers of the time of George the First. The following is the original announcement of a work which soon attained the highest celebrity, and whose popularity still continues undiminished. It is here put forward as a real story.

"This day is published, 'The Life and strange surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe of York, Mariner, who lived 28 years all alone on an uninhabited island on the coast of America, near the mouth of the great river Oroonoke, having been cast on shore by shipwreck, wherein all the men perished but himself, with an account how he was at last as strangely deliver'd by pyrates. Written by himself. Printed for W. Taylor, at the Ship in Paternoster Row, price 5s., Where may be had the antiquities of York, by J. Torr, gent."

The following is the original advertisement of another work of very great celebrity, though of a very different nature from the last. It is contained in one of the public journals of the 6th of June, 1714, and immediately below it is the announcement of the rival translation by Tickell.

"This day, the first Volume of Mr. Pope's Homer will be deliver'd to the subscribers in Quires, on producing their receipts, or paying their subscription money to Bernard Lintott at the Cross Keys, between the Temple gates in Fleet-street, who having obtained a Licence from His present Majesty for the sole printing the same, will publish next week a very fine folio edition in large paper, and another on small paper."

### PHILOSOPHY.

*The Philosophy of Ragged Schools.* London: Pickering. 1851.

THIS is one of the series of singularly thoughtful works which has appeared from time to time under the title of *Small Books on Great Subjects*, edited by a few *Well-Wishers to Knowledge*. The topic now selected is of much moment to the well-being of Society, as the reader will be convinced before he has perused many pages of the little volume. That there is growing up in the heart of our civilization a vast mass of ignorance, compelled to be criminal by the circumstances into which it is cast, by whom it may be truly said, "the world is not my friend, nor the world's law," and which preys upon the society that leaves it thus to perish body and soul, is a fact too formidable to be much longer ignored by those who will not see, because they want the courage to apply the cure. It is for this large class that the ragged schools are designed, and they attain their object, though imperfectly. But should such a duty be left to chance—to the humanity of the few, and the accident of uncertain subscription? Should there not be an interference of the State to compel that duty which the possession of the advantages of civilized society imposes upon its more fortunate members, to remove from the less fortunate the miseries of which that very society, which is a blessing to themselves, is the fruitful parent to others?

But then comes that most painful of all reflections. It is agreed that something ought to be done, and must be done; but when action is proposed, there is universal disagreement. And wherefore? To our shame it must be

said, that Religion is the holy name by whose perversion it is that millions of our fellow countrymen are condemned to practical heathenism, and more than heathen ignorance. The jealousies of sects, disputing who shall teach, prevents all teaching. According to them, it is better that the poor should have no religion and no teaching, than not be taught the peculiar tenets of the objector's sect. As there are some two or three hundred sects, it is impossible that all should be taught; and who, in a free country, shall determine which shall be selected, or shall claim the preference for his own creed? The obvious remedy for this is for the State to educate in morals and knowledge, committing to each pupil's pastor the instructing of him in his religious faith. This rational arrangement would remove all difficulties, and accomplish the object so much to be desired. To this conviction the public mind is fast coming, as is proved by the movement in Manchester, which is joined by the clergy of all denominations and by the best men of every sect and party. It will not stop there: the same views will soon be spread abroad, and, hopeless as it seemed to be only two years since, it is not improbable that even the aged among us may live to witness the establishment of a national education, the only secure barrier against the progress of Popery.

Such books as that before us will contribute to this, by showing the extent of the dangers that surround us, and the debasement that is to be removed, and the means of grappling with it. How sensibly the author writes, will be shown by the following passage on

#### AMUSEMENTS.

The great fault of the usual teaching in schools is that it is altogether empirical, and therefore tiresome; were the first steps of all knowledge made rational, and therefore interesting to the scholar, we should generally find less disinclination to learning of any kind; for the mind would be occupied, and might find subjects for after-thought in the explanations given. It is so difficult to break through long-established habits, that had not the Ragged School system been a thing entirely *sui generis*, the great problem as to how instruction can be made most available, would probably never have been so fairly put and solved; and even now there is danger that former habits and prejudices may sometimes tempt very worthy persons into thinking that a greater degree of severity would be both more effectual and more godly. I think I have proved from the constitution of man's nature that it is not likely to be more effectual; a few words more may be said as to its godliness.

There is an idea very prevalent that the path of duty is a rugged and painful one, and those who tread it are led to expect that their reward is to be wholly in another state of being, and that here they must embrace suffering as a portion. We can hardly imagine that a wise God wishing to induce his creatures to arrive at that future happiness, would allow the difficulties in the way of it to be so great, that few would have physical courage to surmount them; still less can we suppose that a good God would thus narrow the numbers so fearfully, of those who should attain to blessedness; and when we find any of the notions which we have received, appear to contradict the known nature of God, it is a sufficient reason for revising them. Christ has said that his yoke was easy and his burthen light; we can hardly, in the face of that declaration, suppose that the Christian religion proscribes the comforts and pleasures of life. It then becomes our duty to consider whether the path of duty be so rugged as it is represented; and whether, if we can smooth it in any way, we are not working the will of God by thus making his paths straight and easy to walk in. When we pray daily that His will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven, if there be sense in words, it means that it shall be willingly, lovingly, and cheerfully done;—that the doing it shall be a pleasure; the having done it happiness. Let us then remember the nature it has been His pleasure to give us; a mixture of the animal and the spiritual:—the emotions belonging to the animal, the enduring will to the spiritual; and we shall see that in order to bring the whole man to God, we must interest the pleasurable emotions in the business as well as the will. The first will be awakened by kindness, the second influenced by rational conviction. But the emotions are naturally transitory, and however a wretched child may be led to abandon his evil ways at first by kindness, if he have no rational expectation that a better course will bring him real enjoyment, when the personal influence ceases, the inducement to well doing ceases also. It becomes important then to point out God's promise, that if we

will seek spiritual good, all the rest shall be added; to show that the path of duty is also the path of happiness; and by giving a foretaste of greater enjoyment, to show that there is something worth striving for. It is upon this plan that the teachers of the B— Street School have proceeded, and their complete success is such as, from the principles above laid down, was to be expected.

Although I have mentioned music as one of the amusements which almost all are alive to, there are others for which a taste might be awakened of a no less ennobling nature. Drawing especially is a thing in which many children find pleasure, and which also by means of a black board and chalk may be practised at very small expense. The accuracy of eye which even a slight knowledge of this art engenders, is essentially useful in every sort of mechanical operation. A few large prints hung on the walls, and a board or two properly prepared would be all that would be required to enable many of the children to amuse themselves pleasantly in the school when weary of other things, and would open to them not only a source of recreation but of after profit, should they arrive at enough proficiency to be pattern drawers. The reading to them sometimes of an amusing story, or travels, by some one who can give it point and effect, would create a higher taste, for the reader could stop to explain what was difficult, and the cheap literature of the day supplies enough of really good publications to meet the demand of the poorest, if the taste for such could be aroused. All these and many more modes of recreation are possible, not only in the Ragged Schools, but in those parochial ones in which the children now only try how little they can learn during four or five years of forced attendance, and were this matter attended to, we should in a few years see a very different population growing up. Our scientific and industrial advancement has proceeded and is proceeding at an accelerated ratio;—are our people to be the only raw material which is to be subjected to no better system of treatment than it was in the days of our fathers? Already we have everywhere machinery and contrivances which no ordinary servant or workman is able to manage properly;—we complain of the stupidity of the lower orders, but should we not rather complain of our own?—We set brute matter to work, and forget that it requires intellect to guide it. The steam engine is applied to all kinds of purposes,—electricity is made our servant,—but the human mind, that finest of all machines, the most powerful of all forces, is disregarded, and we think we have done all if we have fed the poor! Let us hope that the dawn of a better time is before us.

### BIOGRAPHY.

*The Romance of the Peerage; or Curiosities of Family History.* By GEORGE LELLIE CRAIK, Professor of History and of English Literature in the Queen's College, Belfast. London: Chapman and Hall.

MR. CRAIK has produced a better work than his title promised. From that, the readers would anticipate a series of fictions founded on fact, which might or might not be amusing, but certainly would have no substantial and enduring worth. But in truth it is a valuable collection of veritable biography, compiled with care and diligence from various and widely-scattered sources, and forming a positive accession to the history of the aristocracy of the United Kingdom. It ranges downwards to the Revolution of 1688, including the most remarkable personages who were founders of families, or who, born to rank, distinguished themselves in their position, or were made notorious by circumstances in which they were the actors. Mr. CRAIK has not adhered very strictly to the design intended to be described by his title-page, for he has recorded many histories that have nothing of the romantic in them; but this departure from his plan will be readily forgiven for the sake of the very interesting and really valuable information that has been collected. Thus assuring our readers that these are not romances, in the circulating-library meaning of the term, but volumes which may be placed upon the book-shelf among the most interesting of its biographies, we proceed without further preface to exhibit their character, by evidence produced from their teeming contents.

It is a curious fact that, although of very recent origin, research has not succeeded in ascertaining who was the father of the founder of

## THE PHIPPS FAMILY.

It is extraordinary that it should not be known with certainty who was the father of a man who was living in the reign of George the Second, not much more than a century ago,—who was the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, whose grandson was an Irish peer,—and whose great-great-grandson, or descendant in only the fourth degree, is a British Marquis. That Sir Constantine Phipps was not the son of Sir William Phipps, as he used to be described in the peerages, is quite clear. At the same time there are difficulties which may possibly admit of explanation, but have not received it, in all the other accounts that have been given or hypotheses that have been proposed—that he was the nephew of Lady Phipps, that he was the son of a sister of Sir William, that he was Sir William's own nephew by a brother. The last supposition is a mere conjecture, resting upon no authority; either of the others would imply (unless we assume another Phipps married to a sister of Sir William or his wife) that he must have changed his name, which, nevertheless, nobody notices having been done. Perhaps the name of Phipps may have been regarded as being the same with *Philips*, and both Constantine and Spencer Phipps may have been sons or brothers of the Colonel John Phipps, whom we have found Sir William's biographer designating his "*filius a chatz*," and very dear friend, *kinsman*, and neighbour.

In his introduction to the "then Ducal Osbornes," Mr. CRAIK thus notices a circumstance that will, probably, be new to most of our readers.

## THE DIFFICULTY OF RISING IN THE PEERAGE.

It might seem to be only the natural course of things or what we should expect to happen not unfrequently, that the man who has risen (otherwise than by succession) from being a commoner to be a peer should afterwards make his way from the lowest to the highest rank in the peerage. The same impulse or buoyancy whither, it may have consisted in, or come of, whether extraordinary merit and services, or persevering ambition, or consummate dexterity and insinuation, or mere good fortune, which has carried him so far, ought, it may be thought, to carry him still further. Having lifted him up to be a baron or a viscount, why should its action stop till it has elevated him to a Marquisate or a Dukedom?

But the fact is, that to surmount the barrier which separates the peerage from the rest of the community is, generally speaking, easier than to pass from one rank of the peerage to another. The structure narrows faster than it rises. Of its three tiers or stages (for the Viscounts may be regarded as only a higher division of the Barons, and the Marquises as a subordinate kind of Dukes), the lowest is nearly twice as spacious as the one next above it, and the latter three times as spacious as the highest. At present the number of English Barons and Viscounts is about two hundred and twenty, that of the Earls about one hundred and twenty, that of the Dukes and Marquises about forty. Above two hundred and fifty English peerages were conferred in the reign of George the Third, but only three of them were Dukedoms. From the accession of George the Second, indeed, to the present day, a period of more than a hundred and twenty years (if we except the variation of the Newcastle peerage in 1766); only six hereditary Dukedoms have been created, and of these, one (that of Montague) is already extinct. Of nearly two hundred and seventy Irish peers made in the reign of George the Third, only one was a Duke.

There are several examples of persons rising from the condition of commoners, without the direct aid of claims derived from birth, to the summit of the peerage; but in almost all such cases, at least in modern times, there has been either a basis of noble extraction to begin with, or some other kind of connection equally or still more potential. The Protector Somerset, who from a private gentleman, was made first a Viscount, then an Earl, and finally a Duke, was the brother-in-law of one king, and the uncle of another. Villiers, who in the next century, being originally a commoner, was in like manner created successively a Viscount, an Earl, a Marquis, and a Duke, was the all-potent favourite of a third King. If the General of the Restoration, George Monk, was at that extraordinary crisis all at once made a Baron, an Earl, and a Duke, it was by one whom he may almost be said to have made a king. The great Marlborough was probably, in part at least, indebted for his first step in the peerage to the circumstance of his sister being the king's mistress. Sir Hugh Smithson, the founder of the Dukedom of Northumberland, owed his elevation, first to an Earldom, and afterwards to his higher title, to his having married the heiress of the Percys. Even our own Wellington, all-whose honours have been so well won, though he remained a commoner till he was past forty, to find himself a Duke before he was five years older, was born the son of an Irish Earl, and had an elder brother, who, pre-

ceding him in the acquisition of uninherit distinction, had already risen to be an English Marquis.

The FERMOY family owes its preservation to a Fool. The ancestor had offended HENRY VIII., and had been obliged to seek safety in flight.

Among other members of his numerous household had been a jester commonly called a fool, whose wit and drollery had drawn many a smile from his hospitable and free-hearted master, and probably been now and then rewarded by something more than applause. The Fool was a supreme artist in his line, and from the service of the opulent London merchant and Northamptonshire squire he had in course of time won his way to that of King Henry himself, where, though his merry quips might be often the dread of the courtiers, they were not the less likely for that to be the delight of his Majesty, on whom we may presume it was very lightly that they ever glanced, and to whose good opinion and liking the professional humourist no doubt knew well how to take advantage of his opportunities of recommending himself by other evidences of his superior intelligence than the cleverness and readiness of his repartees. In short he was no other than the famous Will Somers, who in some degree united the characters of royal fool and favourite. Somers, we are told, having admission to the King at all times and places, and especially in his Majesty's last days, when he was often low in spirits as well as oppressed by bodily sickness and pain, took the right moment for letting fall some words in regard to the hard fate of his old master, which touched the royal conscience or heart, so that Henry forthwith gave orders for the restitution of all his property to the oppressed man.

The claim put forth by a trunk-maker to the family honours of the PERCYS, is one of the romances of the Peerage on which Mr. CRAIK thus comments:

Antiquity alone seems to be insufficient to give to some family names a dignity of sound corresponding to their position. The names of Fox, and Phips, and Petty have all now been ennobled for several generations; it is true that they have not any of them, perhaps, the advantage of being naturally very musical or imposing; but Petty, for instance, as a mere dissyllabic articulation, surely becomes the mouth and fills the ear nearly as well as Percy; yet what a difference between them in the power of filling the mind! A name is made noble to the imagination only by being associated with noble deeds, and shining in the story or tradition of heroic ages. After having been occupied with some cases in which names destitute of all old renown have suddenly been made conspicuous in modern times by the honours of the peerage, we are now to meet with the claimant of such honours, and the bearer of one of the most famous of our old family names, in a comparatively very humble condition of life. The rapid rise of the descendants of Petty the clothier and dyer, of Romsey, and Phips the gunner, of Bristol, to be Marquises of Lansdowne and Northumberland should present himself to us in the disguise of a respectable trunkmaker of Dublin.

And he adds,

The claim of the trunkmaker was never renewed by any other member of his family. It could not have been brought forward again, indeed, in the shape in which it had already been pronounced upon and rejected; and there seems to be every reason for believing that he was as much mistaken in assuming Sir Ingelram Percy for his great grandfather as he had previously been in fixing upon the more recent Sir Richard; but still he may have been a descendant from the house of Northumberland by some other line. His case can hardly be said to be satisfactorily disposed of so long as his true descent remains unascertained. The evidence which he brought forward seems to have satisfied Hale that he was a connection of the Northumberland family; indeed it appears to have been clearly made out that his father and himself were recognized as relations by the two last Earls. Confusedly and inefficiently as he has told his story, and little as we can rely upon the precise accuracy of any of his statements, it is yet plain, from many things which he mentions, that his pretensions were by no means regarded, at the time, as without plausibility, and also that he was met and opposed at every step by every legal expedient, fair and unfair, of which advantage could be taken for that purpose. The array of powers and interests banded against his claim was also unusually formidable, comprehending as it did, not only all the recognized chief branches of the Northumberland family, the heiress of the Percies and her ducal husband, and the two dowager countesses, her mother and her grandmother, both extensively connected among the greatest families of the realm, but such personages of the very highest sphere as the Duke of Monmouth and the new Duke of Northumberland, the

King's sons, with their royal father himself, who had given his lands to the one and his titles to the other.

The founder of the LANSDOWNE family was a Physician, and this is

## HOW PETTY MADE HIS MONEY.

In the latter part of the year 1652, he obtained the appointment of physician to the army in Ireland, which he retained for about seven years. A hundred pounds which he was allowed for outfit made him worth about 500*l*. when he landed at Waterford, in September 1652; he had a salary of twenty shillings a day, and he made by his practice about 400*l*. a year more. But these regular emoluments of his post were far from being all that he got out of it. Ireland was throughout the whole of the seventeenth century the most tempting region of adventure for English ambition; it was what the New World had been in the sixteenth, and what India became in the eighteenth; though what made it so rich an El Dorado or land of gold was not so much its natural wealth as the succession of public calamities by which it had been torn and crushed, the divisions and ever following subjugations which again and again threw it down a helpless prey for the spoiler. Petty writes his title at full length as "Physician to the Army, who had suppressed the rebellion begun in the year 1641, and to the General of the same and the Head Quarters." He then proceeds—"About September, 1654, I, perceiving that the admeasurement of the lands forfeited by the afore-mentioned rebellion, and intended to regulate the satisfaction of the soldiers who had suppressed the same, was most insufficiently and absurdly managed I obtained a contract, dated 11th December, 1654, for making the said admeasurement; and by God's blessing so performed the same as that I gained about 9000*l*. thereby; which, with the 500*l*. above mentioned, my salary of twenty shillings per diem, the benefit of my practice, together with 600*l*. given me for directing an after-survey of the Adventurers' land and 800*l*. more for two years' salary as Clerk of the Council, raised me an estate of about 13,000*l*. in ready and real money, at a time when, without art, interest, or authority, men bought as much land for ten shillings in real money as in this year 1685, yields ten shillings per annum rent above his Majesty's quit-rents." Part of this money he kept in cash to answer emergencies; with part he purchased the house and garden of the Earl of Arundel, in Lothbury, London: but the greater part he invested in soldiers' debentures, with which he purchased lands in Ireland, at the low price above described. Aubrey affirms that these lands produced him a rental of 18,000*l*. a year.

And a remarkable document from which we take a passage is

## PETTY'S WILL.

As for legacies for the poor, I am at a stand. As for beggars by trade and election, I give them nothing; as for impotents by the hand of God, the public ought to maintain them; and as for those who have been bred to no calling or estate, they should be put upon their kindred; as for those who can get no work, the magistrates should cause them to be employed, which may be well done in Ireland, where is fifteen acres of improvable land for every head; prisoners for crimes by the King; for debt, by their prosecutors. As for those who compassionate the sufferings of any object, let them relieve themselves by relieving such sufferers, that is, give them alms *pro re nata*, and for God's sake relieve those several species above mentioned, where the above-mentioned obligees fail in their duties. Wherefore I am contented that I have assisted all my poor relations, and put many into a way of getting their own bread, and have laboured in public works and by inventions, have sought out real objects of charity, and do hereby conjure all who partake of my estate from time to time to do the same, at their peril. Nevertheless, to answer custom and to take the surer side, I give 20*l*. to the most wanting of the parish wherein I die. \* \* \*

As for religion, I die in the profession of that faith and in the practice of such worship as I find established by the law of my country; not being able to believe what I myself please, nor to worship God better than by doing as I would be done unto, and observing the laws of my country, and expressing my love and honour to Almighty God by such signs and tokens as are understood to be such by the people with whom I live, God knowing my heart even without any at all.

*Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann and Soret.* Translated from the German by JOHN OXENFORD. In 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1850.

## [THIRD NOTICE.]

GOETHE for some time filled the arduous post of manager of the theatre at Weimar. He imparted freely to his friend the difficulties of



his office, and the means by which he surmounted them. Some of these experiences will be interesting, and perhaps profitable. We throw together a few of his

#### HINTS TO MANAGERS.

"I did not look to magnificent scenery, and a brilliant wardrobe, but I looked to good pieces. From tragedy to farce, every species was welcome; but a piece was obliged to have something in it to find favour. It was necessary that it should be great and clever, cheerful and graceful, and, at all events, healthy, and containing some pith. All that was morbid, weak, lachrymose, and sentimental, as well as all that was frightful, horrible, and offensive to decorum, was utterly excluded; I should have feared, by such expedients, to spoil both actors and audience.

"By means of good pieces, I raised the actors; for the study of excellence, and the perpetual practice of excellence, must necessarily make something of a man whom nature has not left ungifted. I was, also, constantly in personal contact with the actors. I attended the first rehearsals, and explained to every one his part; I was present at the chief rehearsals, and talked with the actors as to any improvements that might be made; I was never absent from a performance, and pointed out the next day anything which did not appear to me to be right. By these means I advanced them in their art."

SCHILLER, who was also a manager, adopted the same plans with the same success:

Schiller proceeded in the same spirit as myself. He had a great deal of intercourse with actors and actresses. He, like me, was present at every rehearsal; and after every successful performance of one of his pieces, it was his custom to invite the actors, and to spend a merry day with them. All rejoiced together at that which had succeeded, and discussed how anything might be done better next time. But even when Schiller joined us, he found both actors and the public already cultivated to a high degree; and it is not to be denied that this conduced to the rapid success of his pieces.

#### And thus he notes

##### A MANAGER'S DANGERS.

I had to beware of two enemies, which might have been dangerous to me. The one was my passionate love of talent, which might easily have made me partial. The other I will not mention, but you can guess it. At our theatre there was no want of ladies, who were beautiful and young, and who were possessed of great mental charms. I felt a passionate inclination towards many of them, and sometimes it happened that I was met half way. But I restrained myself, and said, No further! I knew my position, and also what I owed to it. I stood here, not as a private man, but as chief of an establishment, the prosperity of which was of more consequence to me than a momentary gratification. If I had involved myself in any love affair, I should have been like a compass, which cannot point right when under the influence of a magnet at its side.

By thus keeping myself quite clear, and always remaining master of myself, I also remained master of the theatre, and I always received that proper respect, without which all authority is very soon at an end.

It was his opinion that great care should be exercised in the choice of a new play; that none should be attempted that was not likely to be permanently successful, and that it should be repeated very frequently. He considered that the actors improved by practice of it, and infused into it more life and nature. These were his rules for the

#### CHOICE OF ACTORS.

"I can scarcely say," returned Goethe; "I had various modes of proceeding. If a striking reputation preceded the new actor, I let him act, and saw how he suited the others; whether his style and manner disturbed our *ensemble*, or whether he would supply a deficiency. If, however, he was a young man who had never trodden a stage before, I first considered his personal qualities; whether he had about him anything prepossessing or attractive, and, above all things, whether he had control over himself. For an actor who possesses no self-possession, and who cannot appear before a stranger in his most favourable light, has, generally speaking, little talent. His whole profession requires continual self-denial, and a continual existence in a foreign mask.

"If his appearance and his deportment pleased me, I made him read, in order to test the power and extent of his organ, as well as the capabilities of his mind. I gave him some sublime passage from a great poet, to see whether he was capable of feeling and expressing what was really great; then something passionate and wild,

to prove his power, I then went to something marked by sense and smartness, something ironical and witty, to see how he treated such things, and whether he possessed sufficient freedom. Then I gave him something in which was represented the pain of a wounded heart, the suffering of a great soul, that I might learn whether he had it in his power to express pathos.

"If he satisfied me in all these numerous particulars, I had a well-grounded hope of making him a very important actor. If he appeared more capable in some particulars than in others, I remarked the line to which he was most adapted. I also now knew his weak points, and, above all, endeavoured to work upon him so that he might strengthen and cultivate himself here. If I remarked faults of dialect, and what are called provincialisms, I urged him to lay them aside, and recommended to him social intercourse and friendly practice with some member of the stage who was entirely free from them. I then asked him whether he could dance and fence; and if this were not the case, I would hand him over for some time to the dancing and fencing masters.

"If he were now sufficiently advanced to make his appearance, I gave him at first such parts as suited his individuality, and I desired nothing but that he should represent himself. If he now appeared to me of too fiery a nature, I gave him phlegmatic characters; if too calm and tedious, I gave him fiery and hasty characters, that he might learn to lay aside himself, and assume foreign individuality."

#### And thus he counselled on the

##### CASTING OF PLAYS.

"It is a great error to think," said he, "that an indifferent piece may be played by indifferent actors. A second or third-rate play can be incredibly improved by the employment of first-rate powers, and be made something really good. But if a second or third-rate play be performed by second or third-rate actors, no one can wonder if it is utterly ineffective.

"Second-rate actors are excellent in great plays. They have the same effect that the figures in half-shade have in a picture: they serve admirably to show off more powerfully those which have full light."

Thus speaks the greatest and most original writer of his age on

##### ORIGINALITY.

"People are always talking about originality; but what do they mean? As soon as we are born, the world begins to work upon us, and this goes on to the end. And, after all, what can we call our own except energy, strength, and will? If I could give an account of all that I owe to great predecessors and contemporaries, there would be but a small balance in my favour."

GOETHE was great in criticism—on Art as on Literature. What wisdom there is in these remarks on

##### THE TRUE IN ART.

"I have seen many of his studies from nature: they were excellent, and executed with great energy and life; but they were all isolated objects, of which little can afterwards be made when one comes to inventions of one's own. I have now advised him never for the future to delineate an isolated object, such as single trees, single heaps of stones, or single cottages, but always to add a back-ground and some surrounding objects.

"And for the following reasons. In nature we never see anything isolated, but everything in connexion with something else which is before it, beside it, under it, and over it. A single object, I grant, may strike us as particularly picturesque: it is not, however, the object alone, which produces this effect, but is the connexion in which we see it, with that which is beside, behind and above it, all of which contributes to that effect.

"Thus, during a walk I may meet with an oak, the picturesque effect of which surprises me. But if I represent it alone, it will perhaps no longer appear to me as it did, because that is wanting which contributed to and enhanced the picturesque effect in nature. Thus, too, a wood may appear beautiful through the influence of one particular sky, one particular light, and one particular situation of the sun. But if I omit all these in my drawing, it will perhaps appear without any force, and as something indifferent to which the proper charm is wanting.

"Further: there is in nature nothing beautiful which is not produced (*motiviert*) as true in conformity with the laws of nature. In order that that truth of nature may also appear true in the picture, it must be accounted for by the introduction of influential circumstances."

*The Life and Works of Robert Burns.* Edited by ROBERT CHAMBERS. In 4 vols. Vol. 1. Edinburgh: Chambers.

ALTHOUGH no less than seven lives of BURNS have been already written, Mr. R. CHAMBERS has not erred in his judgment that there is room for yet another. Not only have new materials accumulated, but the lapse of time has permitted a fairer and sounder judgment to be passed upon his genius, and upon his unfortunate but not unhappy life. But in this new biography Mr. CHAMBERS had done something more than re-write the poet's history: he has re-arranged it, and proceeded upon a plan altogether novel, but in such a case peculiarly appropriate. He uses the works of the poet to illustrate his life, introducing the poems in the order of their date into the body of the biography, and giving his correspondence in the same manner. The result, as might be anticipated, is to present the poet under quite a new aspect. We read, not only his doings but his feelings and thoughts, almost from day to day, and so obtain a far more intimate knowledge of the man than could have been supplied by the most copious collection of anecdotes and minute facts of his goings and comings, such as form the staple of ordinary memoirs. So entirely successful is this design, so far as it is executed in the volume before us, the first of the promised four, that we have little doubt that it will prove to be the parent of many similar biographies of authors, and of poets especially, whose lives are in fact their works, if life be the mind's thoughts, not the mere body's movements. It is capable of indefinite application, and literature will have occasion to thank Mr. R. CHAMBERS for another invention, added to the many by which he and his brother have conferred lasting obligations upon society, and brought a well-deserved prosperity to themselves. We should add that this volume is as cheap as their publications are always.

#### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*The Bridal and the Bridle; or our Honeymoon Trip in the East in 1850.* Bentley.

WE have some doubt whether the honeymoon is a recommendation of a tourist to readers. The travellers are liable to be too much engrossed with themselves to give particular attention to the objects which it is the duty of one who has a book in contemplation to note with special care. If he is as happy as a bridegroom ought to be, he will see everything that he *does* see through a false medium, and while giving his attention to the treasure he bears about with him, he will not see a great deal that he should see. How it was with our author we cannot tell, but it appears, from his own showing, that he was married in Belgium, went to Paris, and tiring of that, proposed to his charming EMILY a trip to Constantinople. As ladies are usually energetic and enthusiastic travellers, his proposal was joyfully received, and without more ado, and shunning the nuisance of a load of luggage, carrying only a change or two, they proceeded to Trieste. There began the real novelty of their trip, and certainly the bride may boast of having endured more toil and submitted to more privations, worked harder, fared worse, slept in dirtier rooms, been more vexed with those insect accompaniments of dirt, than any English lady who has been married for a twelvemonth. Their route lay through Croatia to Belgrade, and thence through Servia, Bulgaria and Romania to Constantinople. A considerable portion of this journey was performed on horseback, and more than once the day's ride extended over twelve hours, through a wretched country. When carriages *could* be procured, they were so rough and the roads so bad that they were even more wearisome than the saddle. Then, when they reached a hostelry, or begged an asylum at a farm-house, they found nothing fit for a civilized Christian to eat, and beds that only extreme fatigue could make endurable. Yet, such is the blessing of Heaven upon labour, appetite made the coarse food sweet, and sleep made them careless about the softness or cleanliness of beds. The bride never lost her cheerfulness, never complained of her accommodations, was always ready to start, and cheerful to the last. Indeed, having more than once travelled with ladies, we are bound to say of them that they are

excellent travellers. It appears to be a pleasure to them to put up with inconveniences and annoyances which throw the gentleman into a passion and ruffle his temper for an hour: their cheerfulness, too, seldom fails them, and they can bear fatigue and privation to an extent that astonishes themselves, unconscious, amid the indulgences of home, of the powers of endurance, which their delicate frames possess.

The districts traversed by our bridal party are little frequented by English. They present the aspect of a primitive country—such as we might suppose our own to have been in early Norman times. Civilization has not penetrated so far, and in dress, manners and habits, the people are now, probably, just what they were three centuries ago. In a rapid journey such as this, stopping nowhere save to take meal or sleep, it was impossible for the tourist to see very much of the people; his observations are, necessarily, superficial; but then he does not pretend to more than an account of his adventures and impressions. He travelled fast, and he writes rapidly, sketching day by day the most remarkable occurrences, and thus making a slight but amusing book, which can be read in a gallop, and will pass away an idle hour or two very pleasantly. But we see enough of the country from his peeps at it to be assured that a really valuable book might be extracted from it by a traveller who would explore it with ample resources and leisure, and a knowledge of the language, with some previous preparation by reading.

Among their adventures they encountered

#### A STORM.

We had travelled for about two hours, when, from the black mountain range, a terrific tempest of wind and rain came driving down upon us. The thunder bellowed, and the lightning flashed fearfully from the cloudy and shadowy peaks of the threatening Balkan. The Tartar dashed to the baggage horse, seized the umbrellas and gave them to us; but, alas! the fierce wind turned them inside out in an instant, and nearly bore us and them away together, while the rain dashed in torrents in our faces, and soon drenched us as completely as if we had been dragged through a river. Vainly did we lash the miserable brutes of post hacks, they would not move faster than about five miles an hour. The very Tartar, in his oilskin capote and huge boots, was dripping like a river god; the Suridgee looked like a drowned rat, Giovanni implored his patron saint, Emily resembled a Nereid, and I myself upheld a useless umbrella with exceeding difficulty, while carrying water enough in my petticoat, like Turkish trousers, once scarlet, but now, alas! maroon colour, to supply a thirsty Arab village.

We rode for some hours dripping, drenched, and chilled, until we came to a solitary and dreary looking post-house, where we unloaded the baggage horse, changed our clothes, having first turned the postmaster out of his only room for the purpose, got some hot water with great trouble, hunted out a flask of brandy from a bag, and made a wholesome and invigorating repast of unripe cherries, cucumbers, eggs, and black ligneous bread. It was about the middle of the next day when we arrived at Altzenissa, under as scorching a sun as ever threatened to addle northern brain.

The author is, evidently, a military man, and his special attention is given to whatever relates to his profession. Here is a description of

#### TURKISH TROOPS.

I walked up to the barracks, accompanied by the medico, who, having been in Italy, and wishing at some future time to visit France and England, asked me if there were not a railway from Amsterdam to London. The milazim (ensign) who met us at the gate of the barracks, looked exceedingly like a sergeant, garnished with a white shoulder-belt. The guard stood to arms, and the officers buzzed around us like a swarm of bees, with swords bilted with transparent horn; while queer little stars, brass crescents, and small cartridge-boxes, covered the breasts of their uniforms. I was introduced to one or two of the chefs d'escadron; and we all sat down in front of the court, where the swarthy crimson-capped band was mustered. A dusky Arab, the band-master, an officer of higher rank than a captain in the Turkish army, waved his hand, and the dingy-faced musicians struck up. Very well they played too, and a pretty dose of music they gave us. First they played two operas through; they then rattled over polkas and waltzes enough to set even the grim

Osmanlee dancing; and next a Russian and a Polish march; also a Turkish march and retreat, which was very curious. The peculiarly wild, mournful, yet martial character of this their native Tartar music, the wild wailing notes of the trumpet, sad and plaintive beyond description, and the deep short rolling of the Turkish drum, have a charm to thrill the senses; and I was carried back in idea to the days of Mahommed, the conqueror of the Greek Emperors, of Suleiman the Magnificent, Amurath, and Bajazet, and other long-passed heroes of the haughty line of Othman. The Tartar race, though less refined and gentle than the elegant and accomplished Arabs, were marked by even a prouder style of chivalry, though it might have been perhaps somewhat ruder in its character. In the pauses of the music, the nearest captain constantly looked at me for applause, and appeared much and wondrously gratified by a few words of approval; and when the band having been ordered to play me a salaam, gave a prolonged Oriental flourish and filed off in a body, the swarthy Arab band-master was presented to me by my worthy Asmodeus the medico. I praised his people's performances, which appeared to please him greatly; and we left the parade. But we were by this time surrounded by a swarm of officers; and I had first to visit their quarters, then the casernes of the private soldiers, who were all put under arms for my inspection. I was obliged to examine arms, men, uniforms, paletots, knapsacks, cartouch-boxes,—everything. The men were mostly short thickset fellows: here and there were some fine-looking Osmanli soldiers, with bold, hardy, intelligent features; but all were Mahometans, no others being admitted into the army, and most of them natives of Roumelia or Anatolia. About seven Nugroi Monsengrins were attached to every company of a hundred men. There were very few Albanians or Bosnians; these warlike and gallant barbarians being mostly retained for body-guards to Pashas, or for a force of irregular police soldiery. The Turkish troops I consider to be well-drilled automatons, in perfect discipline. Their uniforms are badly made, and a paltry imitation of the French; but they have been wise enough to keep the crimson cap with its handsome purple tassel, instead of the European casquette. It was wise to retain this, as, although far less picturesque than the fine old turban, the red tarboush is the chosen head dress of every Moslem in the Ottoman Empire, from Sultan and Pasha down to the humblest caiquegee. It was curious to see how the Turkish officers crowded round the infidel Frank, and with what eager childishness they showed him their accoutrements, and asked if they were the same in Europe. Had I been the Duke of Wellington, they could not have been more anxious to gain my approbation of their military perfections; and the soldiers, when I stopped before them, seemed to regard me as if I were the Sultan's Capidjee Bashii, the bearer of life and death. After expressing my approval of their Nizam Djedeed, I went over the hospital; whose excellent condition deserves really very great praise. The utmost care is taken of the sick in the Turkish service, and they are provided with every care and comfort.

#### Very characteristic is this

##### ADVENTURE AT SARKJEE.

Early the next morning we were awakened by a heavy tramping in the loft over our heads, of which we afterwards discovered the cause. Our toilet, as usual, was soon completed,—a short process where people sleep half dressed,—and we made Giovanni get us some breakfast. The face of the worthy Neapolitan expressed mingled horror and triumph, and he tried hard once more to persuade us, even then to give up our journey, and retrace our steps on account of the robbers, by whom he said the roads were infested. We were used to his croaking, and only laughed at his fear; and I assured him, on the colonel's authority, that no such personages were in existence. Watching until I was at a distance from Emily, the Sicilian Calchas drew near, and told me, in a tone of mystery, that the heads of four robbers had been that night cut off, and brought in a few hours since by some mounted Arnaut troopers, and were at that very time actually in the loft over our sleeping and breakfast room. Thus was our noisy *receille* accounted for. He begged me not to mention this to "Madame," for fear of the shock to her nerves; but I at once told her, and made him relate the whole story to us both, in utter disregard of his warning, and very reluctant countenance. It seems that a band of eight of these ruffians, all Turks and Moslems of the south, had attacked a party of travellers in a rocky defile on the frontier, between Bulgaria and Roumelia. They had bound the only man of the company to a tree, and murdered his mother and sister before his eyes, when a party of cavalry rode up, and, alarmed by the cries of the unhappy victim, charged the robbers; but these fierce marauders, far from flying, defended themselves with great ferocity against their assailants. A desperate skirmish ensued; several soldiers were

wounded, but four of the robbers were captured, and beheaded on the spot by the keen sabres of the infuriated troopers. The four remaining desperadoes who composed the band, made their escape with wonderful agility, and gained the rocky mountain fastnesses, where even the fleet-footed Albanians were unable to follow them. Their course was tracked to the hills of the north, and the bodies of their slain comrades, with their yataghans and pistols, splendidly ornamented with silver, remained the booty of the conquerors. But the spoil was divided; the limbs of the wretches were left to wolf and wild dog, eagle, or vulture, and the heads were brought in to be shown to the general in command of the cavalry regiments at Sarkjee, before whom also the rescued captive was taken in his grief, that he might give his evidence. The extirpation of the whole gang of these dreaded outlaws was hoped for, as they had committed many outrages, especially on Christian travellers. We asked to see the heads, half doubting their reality, and on Giovanni's showing evident reluctance to obeying our wishes, we went out on the verandah to insist upon their being shown to us. Most reluctantly the Tartar went up to the loft and brought down a small sack, containing two of them. He slowly drew out the first by its scalp lock, disclosing the shaven crown of a Mussulman, and a dark fierce looking face. The dead man's black beard and glaring eyes, the mingled expression of pain, cruelty, and ferocity; the sabre cut that crossed the cheek, and the agonized look, gave this bloody trophy a most ghastly appearance. The other heads were all dreadfully mutilated by sabre cuts, and the faces shockingly disfigured. Iovon bore back the grim proof of Turkish justice, and we returned to our breakfast.

#### In conclusion, we take his description of

##### MY TRAVELLING DRESS.

I wore a light holland coat, a pair of scarlet Turkish trousers, boots, and spurs, with a turban of scarlet, twisted on a red fez cap. To tie myself up in my sashes was, every day, a work of time and labour. First, I rolled an immensely thick and heavy shawl several times round my waist; then I tied on a crimson shawl, and buckled on a broad leather belt, constructed in the oriental fashion, to carry a perfect arsenal of arms, stuck into which were my good Turkish yataghans, pistols, and daggers. On the present occasion, I placed my pistols in their holsters. Over my belt I tied a long scarf of scarlet silk, with fringed ends. Emily equipped herself in a monstrous Tuscan straw hat, as a protection against the sun; and from her scarlet sash peeped the crossed hilt of a dagger, and the butts of a brace of pocket-pistols. We saw the six horses in the court below, and watched the long and clumsy operation of saddling them. Iovon was very busy and bustling; Giovanni very shrill and self-important; and, at last, the baggage and mattresses were piled on the back of the luckless beast who was to carry them, giving very much the appearance of a loaded camel to that generous steed. Meanwhile, the windows and balconies of the hotel, overlooking the court-yard, were crowded with officers and other well-dressed people; and ever and anon some one passed our lattice, walking along the balcony, and peeping in at the new lions, as if our room were in reality a den for wild beasts. At length we heard the horses were ready, and descended the stairs of the hotel to the archway between the court and the street. The throng there had increased to the number of some hundreds, but all were grave as oysters, and preserved as solemn an air as might be expected from a mob of Swiss patriots, assembled to witness the execution of the renowned William Tell. The officers present kept order and silence in the crowd; but it was scarcely needed: they were all mute as stock-fish, and looked like people who had come to witness an incredible feat, and evidently regarded it as no laughing matter. One by one, the horses were brought up and mounted. Emily had a European saddle; so had the Tartar. The Suridgee had the usual saddle of the country—a mighty tower of sheepskins and cloths, placed on a high wooden framework, on the horse's back. Giovanni, with a cloak and a number of cushions, made one of the red saddles a tolerably comfortable and endurable seat; whilst I mounted a similar one, but without the adjuncts. The Tartar flourished his long pipe-stick; the Suridgee buried the sharp angles of his shovel-shaved stirrups in his steed's flanks; and forth we ambled, cleaving the crowd in twain, as a vessel divides the waves.

*The Navy: its Past and Present States, in a Series of Letters.* By Rear-Admiral Sir CHARLES NAPIER. Edited by Major-General Sir WILLIAM NAPIER. Darling.

*Narratives of Shipwrecks of the Royal Navy, between 1793 and 1849. Compiled principally from Official Documents in the Admiralty.*



By W. O. S. GILLY. With a Preface. By WILLIAM STEPHEN GILLY, D.D., Vicar of Norham, and Canon of Durham. Parker.

We have put these books together into the same notice, because, although there is little similarity in subject, there is an important one in fact. The topics treated of in the first have no slight bearing upon the disasters described in the second. The arguments of Sir C. NAPIER are proved by the narratives of Mr. GILLY. The defects in the construction of ships and in the regulations of the navy are causes of the shipwrecks so frequent in the Royal Navy. But, although it would be very desirable that these books should be read by the same persons, we fear that they will find two very different classes of readers, and that the patron of the shipwrecks and disasters will enjoy them in his book-club, without caring to inquire into causes by referring to the Rear-Admiral's letters; while the politicians and "the navy men" who will recreate themselves with the pungent and trenchant criticisms of the sailor, will not trouble themselves to turn to the more sober narrative of the disasters to which the navy has been subjected.

That the management of the navy needs great reform; that it is extravagant, wasteful, unscientific; building ships to rot, and putting together huge structures to pull them to pieces again; that the Government work is more dearly paid and worse executed than that of any private merchant; that the system is unsound at the core, and that thousands and millions might be saved with increased efficiency in the result, is now an established opinion. The series of articles on this subject that appeared in *The Times* newspaper some months since, have given popularity to a subject which hitherto has been rather avoided by the newspapers, probably, because few editors are sufficiently acquainted with nautical affairs to write about them.

But Sir C. NAPIER is not to be implicitly accepted as an authority. He is too hot-headed and too obstinate. He means well, is truly patriotic, devoted to his profession and solely actuated by a sincere desire for the improvement of the Navy. But he is one of those men who form strong opinions, and then permit their opinions so to colour their vision that every object is seen through a distorted medium; he makes grievances where none exist, and presses into his service arguments and facts which, to a calmer eye, appear to be more against him than for him.

Upon the whole, however, it must be admitted that this volume is a valuable contribution towards Navy Reform. It contains that which is essential to the success of a reformer, an entire conviction of the truth and justice of his cause, and a plain speaking that inspires his audience with confidence. He is also as unscrupulous as the opponents of abuses are compelled to be; he employs every weapon that offers itself, argument, abuse, ridicule, personality, satire, which will serve to give point and force to his blows.

Mr. GILLY informs us that in the course of the last sixty years no less than 400 vessels of various sizes have been lost, not a few of them through sheer neglect. Others owed the catastrophe to the ignorance of the authorities at home keeping them on dangerous stations in winter, or commanding them to places not fit to be navigated by such craft. Sometimes we find bad seamanship producing fearful perils. The great majority of the accidents might have been avoided by due diligence and care. Only a small fraction of them were inevitable. But in all, whatever the cause of the peril, there is the same brave endurance of it by the sailors, the same coolness, intrepidity and self-devotion. In this the character of the British seaman is unrivalled, and Mr. GILLY's volume is, if for nothing else, valuable for this, that it is a monument to the national virtues, never so proudly displayed as when the occasion most calls for them.

This is the account of the loss of *The Magpie*, in 1826, under the command of Lieutenant

EDWARD SMITH. It was destroyed by a hurricane in the West Indies:

#### THE WRECK OF "THE MAGPIE."

At the moment of the vessel going down, a gunner's mate of the name of Meldrum struck out and succeeded in reaching a pair of oars that were floating in the water; to these he clung; and having divested himself of a part of his clothing, he awaited in dreadful anxiety the fate of his companions.

Not a sound met his ear; in vain his anxious gaze endeavoured to pierce the gloom, but the darkness was too intense. Minutes appeared like hours, and still the awful silence remained unbroken: he felt, and the thought was agony, that out of the twenty-four human beings who had so lately trod the deck of the schooner, he alone was left. This terrible suspense became almost beyond the power of endurance; and he already began to envy the fate of his companions, when he heard a voice at no great distance inquiring if there was any one near. He answered in the affirmative; and pushing out in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, he reached a boat to which seven persons were clinging; amongst whom was Lieutenant Smith, the commander of the sloop.

So far this was a subject of congratulation; he was no longer alone; but yet the chances of his ultimate preservation were as distant as ever.

The boat, which had been placed on the booms of the schooner, had fortunately escaped clear of the sinking vessel, and if the men had waited patiently, was large enough to have saved them all; but the suddenness of the calamity had deprived them of both thought and prudence. Several men had attempted to climb in on one side; the consequence was, the boat heeled over, became half filled with water, and then turned keel uppermost; and when Meldrum reached her, he found some stretched across the keel and others hanging on by the sides.

Matters could not last long in this way; and Mr. Smith, seeing the impossibility of any of the party being saved if they continued in their present position, endeavoured to bring them to reason by pointing out the absurdity of their conduct. To the honour of the men, they listened with the same respect to their commander as if they had been on board the schooner; those on the keel immediately relinquished their hold, and succeeded with the assistance of their comrades in righting the boat. Two of their number got into her and commenced baling with their hats, whilst the others remained in the water, supporting themselves by the gunwales.

Order being restored, their spirits began to revive, and they entertained hopes of escaping from their present peril: but this was of short duration; and the sufferings which they had as yet endured were nothing in comparison with what they had now to undergo.

The two men had scarcely commenced baling when a cry was heard of "a shark, a shark!" No words can describe the consternation which ensued: it is well known the horror sailors have of these voracious animals, who seem apprised by instinct when their prey is at hand. All order was at an end; the boat again capsize, and the men were left struggling in the waters. The general safety was neglected, and it was every man for himself: no sooner had one got hold of the boat than he was pushed away by another, and in this fruitless contest more than one life was nearly sacrificed.

Even in this terrible hour their commander remained cool and collected; his voice was still raised in words of encouragement, and as the dreaded enemy did not make its appearance, he again succeeded in persuading them to renew their efforts to clear the boat. The night had passed away—it was about ten o'clock on the morning of the 28th: the baling had progressed without interruption; a little more exertion and the boat would have been cleared, when again was heard the cry of "the sharks, the sharks!" But this was no false alarm; the boat a second time capsize, and the unhappy men were literally cast amongst a shoal of these terrible monsters.

The men for a few minutes remained uninjured, but not untouched; for the sharks actually rubbed against their victims, and to use the exact words of one of the survivors, "frequently passed over the boat and between us whilst resting on the gunwale." This, however, did not last long; a shriek soon told the fate of one of the men: a shark had seized him by the leg, dyeing the water with his blood; another shriek followed, and another man disappeared.

But these facts are almost too horrible to dwell upon: human nature revolts from so terrible a picture; we will therefore hurry over this part of our tale.

Smith had witnessed the sufferings of his followers with the deepest distress; and although aware that in all probability he must soon share the same fate, he never for a moment appeared to think of himself. There were but six men left; and these he endeavoured to sustain by his example, cheering them on to further ex-

ertions. They had once more recommenced their labours to clear out the boat, when one of his legs was seized by a shark. Even whilst suffering the most horrible torture he restrained the expression of his feelings, for fear of increasing the alarm of the men: but the powers of his endurance were doomed to be tried to the utmost; another limb was scrunched from his body, and, uttering a deep groan, he was about to let go his hold, when he was seized by two of his men and placed in the stern-sheets.

Yet when his whole frame was convulsed with agony, the energies of his mind remained as strong as ever; his own pain was disregarded, he thought only of the preservation of his crew. Calling to his side a lad of the name of Wilson, who appeared the strongest of the remaining few, he exhorted him, in the event of his surviving, to inform the Admiral that he was going to Cape Ontario in search of the pirate when the unfortunate accident occurred. "Tell him," he continued "that my men have done their duty, and that no blame is attached to them. I have but one favour to ask, and that is that he will promote Meldrum to be a gunner."

He then shook each man by the hand and bade them farewell. By degrees his strength began to fail, and at last became so exhausted that he was unable to speak. He remained in this state until the sunset, when another panic seized the men from a re-appearance of the sharks; the boat gave a lurch, and the gallant commander found an end to his sufferings in a watery grave.

This was the loss of *The Anson*, in 1807 off the coast of France:

#### THE LOSS OF "THE ANSON."

The ship was no longer an object of consideration; Captain Lydiard felt that he had done his utmost to save her, but in vain, and that now every energy must be put forth for the preservation of human life. The tempest raged with such fury that no boat could possibly come to their aid, nor could the strongest swimmer hope to gain the shore. It appeared to Captain Lydiard that the only chance of escape for any of the crew was in running the ship as near the coast as possible. He gave the necessary orders, and the master ran the vessel on the sand which forms the bar between the Loe Pool and the sea, about three miles from Helstone. The tide had been ebbing nearly an hour when she took the ground, and she broached to, leaving her broadside heeling over, and facing the beach.

The scene of horror and confusion which ensued on *The Anson* striking against the ground, was one which baffles all description. Many of the men were washed away by the tremendous sea which swept over the deck; many others were killed by the falling of the spars, the crashing sound of which, as they fell from aloft, mingled with the shrieks of the women on board, was heard even amidst the roar of the waters and the howling of the winds. The coast was lined with crowds of spectators, who watched with an intense and painful interest the gradual approach of the ill-fated vessel towards the shore, and witnessed the subsequent melancholy catastrophe.

Calm and undaunted amidst the terrors of the scene, Captain Lydiard is described as displaying in a remarkable degree that self-possession and passive heroism, which has been so often the proud characteristic of the commander of a British ship of war under similar harassing circumstances. Notwithstanding the confusion of the scene, his voice was heard, and his orders were obeyed with that habitual deference which, even in danger and in death, an English seaman rarely fails to accord to his commanding officer.

He was the first to restore order, to assist the wounded, to encourage the timid, and to revive expiring hope. Most providentially, when the vessel struck, the mainmast, in falling overboard, served to form a communication between the ship and the shore, and Captain Lydiard was the first to point out this circumstance to the crew. Clinging with his arm to the wheel of the rudder, in order to prevent his being washed overboard by the waves, he continued to encourage one after another as they made the perilous attempt to reach the shore. It was fated that this gallant officer should not enjoy in this world the reward of his humanity and his heroism. After watching with thankfulness the escape of many of his men, and having seen with horror many others washed off the mast, in their attempts to reach the land, he was about to undertake the dangerous passage himself, when he was attracted by the cries of a person seemingly in an agony of grief. The brave man did not hesitate for a moment, but turned and made his way to the wreck whence the cries proceeded; there he found a boy, a protégé of his own, whom he had rescued on board *The Anson* only a few months before, clinging in despair to a part of the wreck, and without either strength or courage to make the least effort for his own preservation. Captain Lydiard's resolution was instantly taken,—he would save the lad if possible, though he might himself perish in the attempt.

He threw one arm round the boy, whilst he cheered him by words of kind encouragement, with the other arm he clung to the spars and mast to support himself and his burthen. But the struggle did not last long; nature was exhausted by the mental and physical sufferings he had endured; he lost his hold, not of the boy, but of the mast, the wild waves swept over them, and they perished together.

The loss of *The Hindostan*, in 1804, in the Gulf of Lyons, by fire, affords a splendid instance of the courage and coolness we have alluded to.

#### THE BURNING OF "THE HINDOSTAN."

About two o'clock in the afternoon, when they had been seven hours contending with the fire and smoke, land was discerned through the haze, on the weather-bow, and it was supposed to be above Cape Creux.

Captain Le Gros, fearing the signals might fall into the enemy's hands, hove them all overboard. The sight of land gave a turn to the men's thoughts, and spurred them on to greater exertion. The fire rapidly increased; but the efforts of the captain and his noble crew increased with the danger.

Again they attempted to clear the magazine; but the smoke again drove the men from below, and rendered them powerless. Their courage was, indeed, kept up by the sight of land, though still five leagues distant; but there was still much to be done—many perils yet surrounded them—and it was awful to feel that fire and water were contending for the mastery and that they must be the victims of one of these elements, unless by the mercy of God the progress of the conflagration was stayed, and time allowed them to reach the distant shore. The fire was increasing fearfully; so much so, that Lieutenant Tailour describes the lower deck "burning like the flame in an oven." All communication was cut off from the fore-part of the ship. The flames flew up the fore and main hatchways as high as the lower yards; but still the brave crew remained firm to their duty, and by keeping tarpaulins over the hatchways, and pouring down water, they managed for a time to keep the fire from taking serious hold afloat.

But the crisis was fast approaching when human skill and human fortitude could be of no avail. In defiance of all their exertions and precautions, the devouring element pursued its course. Every moment it was gaining aft; and had not officers and men been true to themselves and to each other, they must all have perished. The mizenmast was on fire in the captain's cabin, and the flames were bursting from all the lee-ports. It was now a quarter past five o'clock, and they were entering the Bay of Rosas. Could they venture to hold on their way, and still remain in the ship? A moment's glance around him sufficed for Captain Le Gros to decide the question. The now triumphant element was no longer smouldering and creeping stealthily onwards amidst smoke and darkness, but with a lurid glare and a sullen roar the flames rolled on. The word was given to launch the raft; it was obeyed, and in a few minutes more the vessel struck, about a mile from the beach, between the fort of Ampurias and the church of St. Pierre. She was now on fire both fore and aft. Self-preservation is the law of nature, it is said; but there is a stronger law governing the actions of the British seaman. Officers and men were of one mind. They all united in putting first the women and children, then the sick and the foreigners, into the launch. The two yawls and the jolly-boat took as many as they could carry from the stern, and put them on board some Spanish boats from La Escada, which had been sent to their assistance, but which neither threats nor entreaties could avail to bring near to the ship.

The remainder of the people were then ordered on to the raft; and by the time it was covered, the flames came aft so thick that it was necessary to send it off from the stern. All now had left the ill-fated vessel, except the gallant Captain Le Gros, Lieutenant Tailour, and the master. When they saw all the rest clear away, and not till then, did they descend by the stern ladders into one of the yawls, and pulled towards the shore; which they had scarcely reached when she blew up.

(To be continued.)

#### FICTION.

*The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines.* By MARY COWDEN CLARKE. Parts 1 and 2. London: Smith and Co.

LAMB's *Tales of Shakspeare* was a bold but successful attempt to take the plots of SHAKSPEARE's plays and put them into prose stories. But we doubt whether it could have been done by any other than the congenial mind of

CHARLES LAMB, or would have been well received by the public, but for the peculiarly pleasant manner he had of telling a story, which, coming from his lips, had a charm, imparted by himself, apart from any intrinsic worth or interest. That work probably suggested the enterprise of which the two first portions are before us. Mrs. CLARKE has taken SHAKSPEARE's heroines for her heroines, and calling in the aid of imagination, she has sought to depict them as, judging them by their characters in the play, it might be supposed that they were in their early youth. Her design is thus stated in the preface:

The design has been, to trace the probable antecedents in the history of some of Shakspeare's women: to imagine the possible circumstances and influences of scene, event, and associate, surrounding the infant life of his heroines, which might have conducted to originate and foster those germs of character recognised in their maturity, as by him developed; to conjecture what might have been the first imperfect dawning of that which he has shown us in the meridian blaze of perfection; and it was believed that such a design would combine much matter of interesting speculation, afford scope for pleasant fancy, and be productive of entertainment in the various narratives.

But she warns us that no attempt has been made to give pictures of the times in which they are supposed to have flourished. This is greatly to be regretted, for an opportunity has been lost, which might have been most advantageously seized, to add to the popular knowledge about SHAKSPEARE's plays by filling up, as it were, the *vacua* unavoidable in the drama, which is limited to a certain length, and telling her readers a great deal about the times and places in which those wondrous scenes are laid, of which little is known at present to the great majority of those who witness or read them with ever new delight, but the knowledge of which would add immensely to their enjoyment.

*Portia, the Heiress of Belmont, and The Thane's Daughter* (Lady MACBETH), form the contents of the first two parts. They are fancifully designed, and, in *Portia*, there is a great deal of poetry. But yet in both there is a want of *reality*. We feel as we read that they are but pretty fancies, the effect probably of the naturalization of the heroines in our minds; for to us PORTIA and Lady MACBETH are not a poet's imaginations, but existences as real as any of our dead friends whom memory cherishes. Hence, with all her skill, Mrs. CLARKE does not carry our convictions with her; we read with a consciousness, never for a moment forgotten that it is all an invention, just as we should peruse a professedly imaginary boyhood of SCOTT, WELLINGTON or PEEL. Taken, however, with this drawback, which is inherent in the design, and considering the tales as tales, they are ingenious and creditable productions of a fertile fancy; the composition, too, is singularly graceful, as a short extract will show.

Here is a portrait of

#### PORTIA ON HER SEVENTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

It was the morning on which she completed her seventeenth year. She entered the library where Bellario sat, and as she stepped forward to present him with a rare old volume of poetry and a heap of blushing dew-covered flowers which she had just gathered as a birthday token, she looked so radiant with happiness and beauty, that he involuntarily gazed at her as he would have done at a beautiful vision—an impersonation of childhood on the verge of womanhood. Her fair hair, partly disordered by the eagerness with which she had collected her flowers regardless of thorns, spray, drooping leaves, or sweeping branches; her cheeks, glowing with morning air and exercise; her April eyes, bright with mingled smiles and tears, as she greeted him who had been father and brother both in one to her infancy and girlhood; his tender looks, her gentle sweetness, her loving manner, half lavish, half timid, while contending with all the strong emotion that filled her heart towards him, as she knelt upon the cushion at his feet, and laid her head caressingly upon his knee, all made him fancy her a little fondling child again. But when, some minutes after, she stood at his side, discussing with enthusiasm the beauties of the poet whose richly-embellished volume she held in her hand; when her eyes

beamed with intelligence, her figure dilated with the energy of her appreciation of lofty sentiment and daring imagination, her tone thrilled with admiration and awe, and her whole appearance was instinct with elevation and sublimity of thought, Bellario felt that he gazed upon a sentient, high-minded woman—one capable of bearing her part in the great drama of life, and of influencing the destinies of others by her intellect, her sentiment, her actions.

#### By way of contrast we subjoin

##### THE CHILDHOOD OF LADY MACBETH.

And yet there was a latent expression, a something antagonistic, in the clear beauty of that fair child. Surpassingly handsome she was; but yet a look there was in those blue eyes, that marred their loveliness of shape and colour, and seemed sinisterly to contradict their attractive power. In the mouth, too, round those full and rubious lips, and amid those exquisite dimples, there played certain lines that presented indications of a startling contrast of will and unfeminine inflexibility with so much charm of feature, which might have produced sensations of repulsive surmise to one accustomed to seek charm in expression rather than in linear beauty.

But among those by whom she was surrounded, there were no such scrutinizers—no such fastidious analyzers, Her fond father dwelt with rapture, and almost wonder, upon the face of his little girl, and found nought there but loveliness; and she, gratified with praise, would often come to him that she might enjoy that which he so constantly and profusely lavished upon her. But sated with adulation, and accustomed to indulgence, she soon tired of so monotonous an amusement, and she lingered less and less by her old father's side, and strayed farther and oftener in search of more congenial entertainment than his quiet voice, and approving looks could afford.

She was fond of peering into the armoury, and watching the man who had the charge of the arms, perform his duties of cleaning, burnishing, and arranging them, and keeping them in order, ready for use in case of need; as there was no knowing in those turbulent times, when a sudden emergency might arise for the lord of a castle to put his men under arms for defense. Here she would loiter, asking a thousand questions about battle-axe, pike, dagger, lance, sword, and cross-bow; and as the armourer polished helmet, morion, cuirass, corslet, habergeon, and breastplate, she would inquire the shape and meaning of each several piece of coat-of-mail, and learn curiously the use of every separate weapon that she saw.

She loved too, to watch the men-at-arms in the courtyard, practising their management of these different weapons, and she would note with unwearied interest, the dexterity and skill of the retainers in these warlike sports and exercises.

*The Kickleburys on the Rhine.* By Mr. M. A. TITMARSH. Second Edition. London: Smith, Elder and Co.

THIS second edition differs from other second editions, in that it contains a preface, more amusing, and more profoundly satirical even than the tale that it introduces, in which THACKERAY has performed, and successfully too, the daring feat of bearding the Thunderer upon his throne. It is even so. *The Times*, in an article very unlike in its language to its usual vigorous Saxon, thought fit to fall foul of Mr. THACKERAY's little Christmas brochure. The author has taken up the cudgels and repaid the assault with interest. Never was an attack so quietly and so effectually put down. For once, *The Times* has met with its match, not only finding an antagonist with ability to defy its power, but with courage to sustain its enmity, and in a position that can afford to endure a fight. It so happened, that on the very day on which the article appeared in the *Times*, the author received a note from his publisher stating that the first edition was exhausted. The opportunity afforded by the second edition was seized for the wielding of the polished but sharp weapon, a fragment of which we put upon record, as an event in the literary history of the time.

"Any reader who may have a fancy to purchase a copy of this present second edition of the *History of the Kickleburys Abroad* had best be warned in time that *The Times* newspaper does not approve of the work, and has but a bad opinion both of the author and his readers. Nothing can be fairer than this statement: if you happen to take up the poor little volume at a railroad station, and read this sentence, lay the book down and buy something else. You are warned. What more can the author say? If after this you *will* buy—



amen! Pay your money, take your book, and fall to. Between ourselves, honest reader, it is no very strong potation which the present purveyor offers to you. It will not trouble your head much in the drinking. It was intended for that sort of negus which is offered at Christmas parties; and of which ladies and children may partake with refreshment and cheerfulness. Last year I tried a brew which was old, bitter, and strong; and scarce any one would drink it. This year we send round a milder tap, and it is liked by customers: though the critics (who like strong ale, the rogues!) turn up their noses. In heaven's name, Mr. Smith, serve round the liquor to the gentlefolks. Pray, dear madam, another glass: it is Christmas time, it will do you no harm. It is not intended to keep long, this sort of drink. (Come, froth up, Mr. Publisher, and pass quickly round!) And, as for the professional gentlemen, we must get a stronger sort for them some day.

The *Times* gentleman (a very difficult gent. to please) is the loudest and noisiest of all, and has made more hideous faces over the refreshment offered to him than any other critic. There is no use shirking this statement: when a man has been abused in *The Times*, he can't hide it, any more than he could hide the knowledge of his having been committed to prison by Mr. Henry, or publicly caned in Pall-Mall. You see it in your friends' eyes when they meet you. They know it. They have chuckled over it to a man. They whisper about it at the club, and looked over the paper at you. My next door neighbour came to see me this morning, and I saw by his face that he had the whole story pat. "Hem!" says he, "well, I have heard of it; and the fact is, they were talking about you at dinner last night, and mentioning that *The Times* had—ahem;—"walked into you."

My good M—— (I say, and M—— will corroborate, if need be, the statement I make here), here in *The Times* article, dated January 4th, which states so and so, and here is a letter from the publisher, likewise dated January 4th, and which says:—

"My dear Sir,—Having this day sold the last copy of the first edition (of *x* thousand) of *The Kickleburys Abroad*, and having orders for more, had we not better proceed to a second edition? and will you permit me to enclose an order on," &c., &c.?"

Singular coincidence! And if every author who was so abused by a critic had a similar note from a publisher, good Lord! how easily would we take the critic's censure!

"Yes, yes," you say; "it is all very well for a writer to affect to be indifferent to the critique from *The Times*. You bear it as a boy bears a flogging at school, without crying out; but don't swagger and brag as if you liked it."

Let us have truth before all. I would rather have a good word than a bad one from any person; but if a critic abuses me from a high place, and it is worth my while, I will appeal. If I can show that the judge who is delivering sentence against me, and laying down the law and making a pretence of learning, has no learning and no law, and is neither more nor less than a pompous noodle, who ought not to be heard in any respectable court, I will do so; and then, dear friends, perhaps you will have something to laugh at in this book.

[The critique is then extracted from *The Times*.]

There is the whole article. And the reader will see (in the paragraph preceding that memorable one which winds up with the diseased oyster), that he must be a worthless creature for daring to like the book, as he could only do so from a desire to hug himself in a sense of superiority by admeasurement with the most worthless of his fellow-creatures!

The reader is worthless for liking a book of which all the characters are worthless except two which are offered to his respectful admiration; and of these two the author does not respect one, but struggles not to laugh in his face; whilst he apparently speaks of another in a tone of religious reverence, because the lady is a countess, and because he (the author) is a sneak. So reader, author, characters, are rogues all. Be there any honest men left, Hal? About Printing-house-square, mayhap you may light on an honest man, a squeamish man, a proper moral man, a man that shall talk you Latin by the half column if you will but hear him.

And what a style it is, that great man's! What hoighth of foine language entirely! How he can discourse you in English for all the world as if it was Latin! For instance, suppose you and I had to announce the important news that some writers published what are called Christmas books; that Christmas books are so called because they are published at Christmas; and that the purpose of the authors is to try and amuse people. Suppose, I say, we had by the sheer force of intellect, or by other means of observation or information, discovered these great truths, we should have announced them in so many words. And there it is that the difference lies between a great writer and a poor one; and we may see how an inferior man may fling a chance away. How does my friend of *The Times* put these propositions? "It has been customary," said he, "of late years for the purveyors of amusing literature to put forth certain opusculs, denominated Christmas books, with the ostensible intention of swelling the tide of exhilaration, or other expansive emotions, incident upon the exodus of the old or the inauguration of the new year." That is something like a sentence; not a word scarcely but's in Latin, and the longest and handsomest out of the whole dictionary. That is proper economy—as you see a buck from

*Holycell street, put every pinchbeck pin, ring, and chain which he possesses about his shirt, hands, and waistcoat, and then go and cut a dash in the Park, or swagger with his order to the theatre. It costs him no more to wear all his ornaments about his distinguished person than to leave them at home. If you can be a swell at a cheap rate, why not? And I protest, for my part, I had no idea what I was really about in writing and submitting my little book for sale until my friend the critic, looking at the article, and examining it with the eyes of a connoisseur, pronounced that what I had fancied simply to be a book was in fact "an opuscul, denominated so-and-so, and ostensibly intended to swell the tide of expansive emotion incident upon the inauguration of the new year." I can hardly believe as much even now—so little do we know what we really are after, until men of genius come and interpret.*

And, besides the ostensible intention, the reader will perceive that my judge has discovered another latent motive, which I had "locked up in my own breast." The sly rogue! (if we may so speak of the court.) There is no keeping anything from him; and this truth, like the rest, has come out, and is all over England by this time. O that all England, which has bought the judge's charge, would purchase the prisoner's plea in mitigation! "O that any muse should be set on a high stool," says the bench, "to cast up accounts and balance a ledger! Yet so it is; and the popular author finds it convenient to fill up the declared deficit by the omission of Christmas books—a kind of assignats that bear the stamp of their origin in the vacuity of the writer's exchequer." There is a trope for you! You rascal, you wrote because you wanted money! His lordship has found out what you were at, and that there is a deficit in your till. But he goes on to say that we poor devils are to be pitied in our necessity, and that these compositions are no more to be taken as examples of our merits than the verses which the dustman leaves at his lordship's door "as a provocation of the expected annual gratuity," are to be considered as measuring his, the scavenger's, valuable services—nevertheless the author's and the scavenger's "effusions may fairly be classed, for their intrinsic worth, no less than their ultimate purport."

Heaven bless his lordship on the bench—What a gentlemanlike badinage he has, and what a charming and playful wit always at hand! What a sense he has for a simile, or what Mrs. Malaprop calls an odorous comparison, and how gracefully he conducts it to "its ultimate purport." A gentleman writing a poor little book is a scavenger asking for a Christmas-box!

As I try this small-beer which has called down such a deal of thunder, I can't help thinking that it is not Jove who has interfered (the case was scarce worthy of his divine vindictiveness); but the Thunderer's man, *Jupiter Jaumes, taking his master's place, adopting his manner, and trying to dazzle and roar like his awful employer.* The figure of the dustman has hardly been flung from heaven: that "ultimate purport" is a subject which the Immortal would hardly handle. Well, let us allow that the book is not worthy of such a polite critic—that the beer is not strong enough for a gentleman who has taste and experience in beer.

That opinion no man can ask his honour to alter; but (the beer being the question), why make unpleasant allusions to the *Gazette*, and hint at the probable bankruptcy of the brewer? Why twit me with my poverty; and what can *The Times* critic know about the vacuity of my exchequer? Did he ever lend me any money? Does he not himself write for money? (and who would grudge it to such a polite, and generous, and learned author? If he finds no disgrace in being paid, why should I? If he has been ever poor, why should he joke at my empty exchequer? Of course such a genius is paid for his work: with such neat logic, such a pure style, such a charming poetical turn of phrase, of course a critic gets money. Why, a man who can say of a Christmas book that "it is an opuscul denominated so-and-so, and ostensibly intended to swell the tide of expansive emotion incident upon the exodus of the old year," must evidently have had immense sums and care expended on his early education, and deserves a splendid return. You can't go into the market, and get scholarship like that, without paying for it: even the flogging that such a writer must have had in early youth (if he was at a public school where the rods were paid for), must have cost his parents a good sum. Where would you find any but an accomplished classical scholar to compare the books of the present (or, indeed, any other) writer to "sardonic divings after the pear of truth, whose lustre is eclipsed in the display of the diseased oyster;" mere *Billingsgate* doesn't turn out oysters like these: they are of the Lucrine lake; this satirist has pickled his rods in Latin brine. Fancy, not merely a diver, but a sardonic diver: and the expressing of his confounded countenance on discovering not only a pearl, but an eclipsed pearl, who was in a diseased oyster! I say it is only by an uncommon and happy combination of taste, genius, and industry, that a man can arrive at uttering such sentiments in such fine language,—that such a man ought to be well paid, as I have no doubt he is, and that he is worthily employed to write literary articles, in large type, in the leading Journal of Europe. Don't we want men of eminence and polite learning to sit on the literary bench, and to direct the public opinion?

*The First Angel.* A Novel. In 2 vols. London: Saunders and Otley. 1851.

THERE is decided ability in this fiction, but so mingled with the defects of youth and inexperience, that we fear the author will not find the fame he seeks. It opens smartly, but it proceeds extravagantly, and it ends tamely. Indeed, the author's forte is not fiction: he excels in the didactic strain; he is more of an essayist than of a novelist. He is at home so long as he is denouncing; he loses himself when he gives the rein to his imagination. Hence it is that, read in passages, *The First Angel* would appear to be a work of unusual excellence; but, as a whole, it is disappointing. The lesson which the author should learn from it, is that he is yet immature; that he must be content for a time with humble aims; that his aspirations should be limited to the real rather than to the ideal; that he should prefer to be a second-rate essayist to being a fifth-rate novelist. Above all, he should remember that a good fiction is not the product of the imagination only. It must proceed from memory and experience; even the most fanciful beings that ever poet's fine frenzy framed must bear some resemblance to reality; they must be, at least, true to themselves and their own nature: they must be a consistent whole, or they are too palpably inventions to awaken any sympathy in us.

Now the author of *The First Angel* has many fine capacities, but they are misapplied, or rather, we should say, misunderstood. He is a keen observer, and a close reasoner; he has a rare command of words, and composes correct and sonorous sentences. But there is a want of substance in his fiction, which mars its worth as a work of art. We feel, as we read, that it is a fiction, nor can we, by any effort of our own, forget the presence of effort in him. The introductory chapter raised our expectations very high. If there was not much of novelty in the argument, it was put before us in a new form, and we anticipated a rich treat from one who could thus throw off. But as we turned leaf after leaf, we discovered that all the strength had been put forth in the introduction. Without denying to the writer unusual power of description, we must withhold from him the praise of a well-regulated imagination, whose fancies are so like truth, that for the time we accept it as such.

Of *The First Angel*, then, we must say that its worth consists wholly in what it promises. The author has capacities which, sedulously cultivated, will make him famous. But that cultivation must be long continued, and laboriously pursued. He should print nothing for five years at least; but only write and burn, and write and burn, just for practice' sake. He should read the best authors, and plunge boldly into the depths of philosophy, for the purpose of expanding his mind, and teaching his thoughts to throw off fetters, and wander freely and fearlessly wheresoever they will, satisfied that the end of inquiry will be the embracing of the truth.

*The First Angel* is one of those works so frequently submitted to the journalist of literature, which perplexes him by its opposite qualities. He cannot overlook its faults, nor may he be blind to its excellencies. He is unable to give it his approval, and he cannot, conscientiously condemn it. We can but recommend to its author to read more, think more, and see more of mankind, before he attempts another novel, and then, with added wisdom, he may give to the world a book which it will not willingly let die.

What he can do, in the way of prose essay, is shown by the following passage from the introductory chapter:—

#### THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour." Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law." Yet is there no law in the Decalogue more continually broken, nor any that the habits of our social system make it more difficult to keep. You doubt this? You do not accept the condemnation? You have forged no signature: you

have sworn to no falsehood; you frown at scandal, and abhor a lie. You are guilty, notwithstanding. You are, perhaps, a conservative in politics. You think that authority is the right of the few, and obedience the duty of the many. You have a reverence for kings, and a contempt for mobs; you see that change is dangerous, and public opinion fickle, and you sigh for golden days that are departed. Your neighbour is a radical. He thinks there is no rightful authority save the will of the people. He disclaims obedience, and turns up his lip at kings. Instead of the danger of change, he can see nothing but its benefits. The past is to him all misery and corruption, and all his hope is in the good time coming. You dislike one another, and avoid one another. You think him a dangerous fellow; a friend to violence and commotion. He thinks you a selfish obstacle, a lover of tyranny, and a foe to human improvement. You convey these opinions to others, while you act on them yourselves, and the truth meanwhile is probably this—that you are two very honest and very ill-informed men; that you equally desire the good of your country and of the world, and that you differ chiefly because education, and taste, and circumstance, have led each of you to see only on one side of a very difficult question. You would soon learn this if you took any pains to do justice to one another, but you do nothing of the kind. You, the conservative, read *The Morning Post* and *The Quarterly*; your neighbour, the radical, reads *The Daily News* and *The Westminster*. You associate with Tories; he with Chartists. You imbibe political wisdom at agricultural dinners; he at demonstrations for the ballot. That is to say, you both seek for information just where you are sure to find your own opinions glorified, and your neighbour's misrepresented. The consequence is, that each of you know as little as possible about the real opinions of the other, and nothing at all of the grounds on which they have been formed. Yet you treat each other as if you knew them perfectly, and knew that they were evil. Can you say that in this mutual distrust and disparagement you are not bearing false witness against your neighbour? Or, again, perhaps you are a churchman in religion. You acknowledge the creeds and the catechism; you have faith in the efficacy of sacraments; you bow to the decision of councils, and respect the apostolical succession. You take much interest in the building of churches, and you reverence time-honoured ceremonies and authorized forms. Your neighbour is a dissenter. He accepts no creed but the Bible, and no interpretation of it but his own. He loves simplicity, is indifferent about architecture, and sees the death of antichrist in a bishop's gown. He expects no heavenly graces from the services of another, and looks to obtain them only by the prayer and travail of his own soul. You call him a schismatic, and he calls you a bigot. You are satisfied that his opinions are the result of a presumptuous will; he is sure that yours have sprung from the influence of a blind prejudice. You will not believe that any humble and devout mind could arrive at his conclusions; he is quite as certain that honesty and common sense are incompatible with yours. If you could but know each other's spiritual history. If, with the searching eye of that God to whom you both appeal, you could gaze openly upon each other's souls, how different might your judgment be! You would see, perhaps, in each the same thirst for truth—the same dread of error—the same consciousness of sin. You would find that, in both cases, belief had grown up out of many tears and prayers, many doubts and struggles,—through the discipline of life—by the bedside of death, with the same sense of God's presence, and of man's eternal responsibilities. But you do not believe this. Nay, more; you act as if you knew that it was otherwise. How did you acquire this knowledge? What right have you to believe you have acquired it? Do you read each other's books, or listen to each other's sermons? Do you take any pains to learn the sense in which your neighbour understands his own opinions, or his reasons for believing them to be true? Have you carefully marked the influence they exert upon his character, and the happiness they cast upon his life? Did you ever try to put yourself in his place, and for a moment to feel as he does, that you might justify your own judgment upon his feelings? If not, the result is again that you know very little about his opinions, and nothing about his reasons; and in assuming to know, and presuming to judge, you are bearing false witness against your neighbour.

Once more, you are rich, perhaps, and a gentleman. You keep a carriage and a footman—you live on your own broad acres, and have nothing particular to do. Your neighbour in the town is not rich enough to buy land or invest in the funds, so he keeps a shop in the market place, and lives in a neat house in the environs. He dresses respectably, and speaks his own language correctly. His manners are passable, and his character good. He is well-informed, and an agreeable companion. As his garden is small, it would be delightful for him

to walk about your beautiful grounds in the evening. As his time for study is limited, it would be useful to him to hear what you had gathered, in your long hours of leisure, from books and from reflection; as he cannot afford to be extravagant; it would be a great advantage to his taste if he could often examine your cabinet of curiosities, your statues, and your picture gallery; as his town acquaintances are chiefly men of business, it would be an excellent thing for him to have the opportunity of meeting the men of learning and celebrity who assemble in your drawing-room. You yourself would derive great and very wholesome pleasure from the act of pleasing him, and he would often be able to give you information that you are not likely to get from your customary guests. In every respect it seems desirable that you should be on friendly terms with one another. But then, he keeps a shop, and lives upon the profits thereof, and he is nevermore a proper person for your acquaintance. He does not offend you by his appearance, or disgust you by his conversation. You would not feel that he was a nuisance if you met him as a stranger. There is nothing the matter with him, except his shop,—but that is like the gulf between the rich man and Abraham's bosom. Your neighbour has another neighbour of his own, a little poorer than he. He also keeps a shop in the market place, but, because his means are small, he lives upon the premises, instead of living in the neat terrace outside the town. Your relation to the rich shopkeeper is like his to the poor one. There are the same reasons why they should be friendly acquaintances together, and there is the same fact that they are not so. Keeping a shop was the obstacle in one case; living on the premises is the obstacle in the other. Are these, in truth, real obstacles? Is it right that they should be so? By your actions you declare that they are and ought to be. You say that those whom fashion has ranged below you are not fit to be associates for you, and in saying this you are assuredly bearing false witness against your neighbour.

Now, reader, there is a sad consequence attaching to this system of misconception and misrepresentation. It is one of the greatest possible hinderances to the spread of truth of all kinds, whether social, political, or religious. We all know there is much evil in the world; we all wish to lessen or remove it; and how do we seek to bring about this happy consummation? Why, we begin by shutting ourselves up in little flocks and classes, thoroughly ignorant concerning our neighbours, and thoroughly convinced, in consequence of our ignorance, that we are a great deal better than they. God has not so partially distributed the blessings of goodness. The love of truth which warms and animates our bosoms is burning in our neighbour's too. The feelings of humanity, of piety, of duty, of friendship, are as strong in him as in ourselves; and if we assume that they are not so, because they have not led to the same opinions, or do not spring from the same worldly condition as our own, we do him a great wrong, and suffer a great self-deception. It is time that those who have felt and known these things should declare what they feel and know, and so hasten, if it may be, the day when men understanding the duty of bearing a true witness to each other, shall learn with gladness, perhaps with astonishment also, that every earnest and honest soul is a brother whom it may be their joy to love.

*The Bishop's Wife: a Tale of the Papacy.* Translated from the German of LEOPOLD SCHEFER. By Mrs. J. R. STODART. London: Chapman.

THIS story, whose translation has been doubtless prompted by the interest which recent events have given to the History and Pretensions of the Papacy, is founded upon an incident in the life of Pope GREGORY VII., in the year 1076, as recounted by LAMBERTUS, in his *Annals*. QUINTUS, a prefect of Rome, had committed many lawless acts, to the great trouble of the Pope, who at length placed him under the ban of the Church. In a fury the sacrilegious man attacked the church in which the Pope was celebrating the Festival of Christmas Eve, and dragged him by the hair from the altar, and out into the street and to a fortified tower. All the city flew to arms at this outrage, and besieged the house of QUINTUS, who, growing alarmed for his safety, released his prisoner, by whose intercession he was saved from destruction. Afterwards, a feud raged between them, the people siding with the Pope, and much devastation was committed on both sides.

This is the historical foundation of the story which SCHEFER has ingeniously wrought into a fiction of various and exciting interest, mingling with it a legend that GREGORY had married a wife, in despite of his sacerdotal and pontifical vows, and in defiance of the laws of the Church. He represents him also as a dealer in magic. With such materials, an exciting story could scarcely fail to be produced by a writer of SCHEFER's genius—and so it is. The translation has been neatly executed, and, although we are averse to the pressing of fiction into controversy, because it is unfair, and sub-

stitutes passion for reason and prejudice for argument, we must admit that the picture of the Papacy here given will help to make its real character better known, at a time when so many are being tempted to transfer it their allegiance.

## POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*Poems.* By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. A new Edition. In 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1851.

It is quite time for those who fill the important office of guiding and informing the public taste by criticism of the books that aspire to represent the intellect of the age, to exercise a little more severity than of late has been the fashion with them. Years ago, when the *Edinburgh Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine* were in the vigour of their youth, an author, whether in poetry or prose, who possessed any substantial pretensions to a place in the world's regards, was so vigilantly observed by the reviewers, that he dared not trespass against rhyme, metre, or sense, and no amount of genius apparent in his pages was received as an excuse for the violation of the acknowledged artistic rules of composition or flights of no-meaning, resorted to when fancy had soared her highest and failed to find a definite idea. By our critics there has been exchanged for that trenchant criticism, so wholesome in its effects, however bitter the draught at the moment, a sort of homœopathic treatment of aspirants for literary fame. It has become the fashion to praise everybody, more or less: to pass the most glaring faults unnoticed, and laud with extravagant praise whatever of praiseworthy can be found. Worse than this, there is a growing tendency to mistake the unintelligible for the profound, and nonsense for something surpassing the critic's comprehension. The German school, albeit we are greatly indebted to it for imparting strength and vigour to our composition and expanding the range of thought, has, nevertheless, produced its mischiefs, for it has encouraged a species of mysticism, that is extremely convenient to a large class of minds whose ideas are by nature extremely indefinite and who are thus enabled to indulge them to the top of their bent with the luxury of believing that they are transcendently sublime, when, in fact, they are merely dreamily vague. It is time, we repeat, for the Journalists and Critics of the Literature and Art of the time to come to the rescue of common sense, and by a resolute and unsparring exposure of such errors and false pretences, wheresoever found, endeavour to restore the trespassers to the limits over which they have strayed, and to deter future aspirants from a practice so tempting, because so easy; so deceitful, because so flattering to the dreamy tendencies of youth; and so fatal, because, when once indulged, so difficult to be avoided.

But this duty of severest criticism of carelessness or affectation is never more incumbent on a reviewer than in a case where there is no excuse for them; where the author is capable of better things, *does* better things, and sins wilfully. Genius is *not* privileged to play any pranks it pleases, nor is a poet to be excused for setting at defiance the laws of grammar and of rhyme, and uttering mystical nonsense, because sometimes he favours us with better things, and can, if he will, fill our ears with divinest melodies.

Mrs. BROWNING, erst Miss BARRETT, is a poet; she *has* genius; she *can* discourse most eloquent music, and singing soar, and soaring sing. But there is not a writer of our time more obnoxious than herself to the charges of affectation and carelessness. She has been bitten with the mania for German mysticism, only that she has not the reasoning power requisite to turn it to account, and so in striving to say something new she is ever losing herself in a fog, and seeing objects through a fog she mistakes a farthing rushlight for a star. Even in her happiest moments, when she throws herself



upon her own natural impulses and is singing most sweetly, there will come a sudden pause, and then, as with an effort, a miserable affectation of profundity will be thrown in to mar the strain. Nor in this is she alone. She is one, and among the foremost, too, of a numerous class of writers, continually increasing, tempted by the example of her success, and the forbearance with which her faults have been received by the press and the public. The style is contagious in itself, for it is always easier to be vague than sublime, and to use strange words than invent definite ideas. "Your true no-meaning puzzles more than wit." We receive some six or eight volumes of poetry every week, and four-fifths of them are infected with the same disease, only that in them, wanting the genius to compensate for the affectation, it is so much the more intolerable.

We are sorry to speak thus of a poet of so much ability as Mrs. BROWNING, but truth demands a plain expression of an opinion which has been long pronounced in society, although it has not yet found a voice in the press. But the mission of THE LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL is to give to the world the utterance of that voice, as it speaks in the most intelligent circles of the metropolis of the world. It is our plan and purpose to break through the conventionalisms of criticism, and speak out plainly upon authors and books, and to endeavour, so far as we may, to restore some of the spirit of independent criticism which has been so long dormant. But we trust that it will be a genial and wholesome spirit; sympathizing with and encouraging whatever is good and true, recognising genius wherever it is found, but, for the sake of that genius itself, unsparing of its faults, that it may put them to mending.

It was with pride that we noted Mrs. BROWNING's first efforts. We believed that here was a spirit destined to a futurity of renown. It was not that so much was done, as that there was so much promised. There was the presence of genius, but disguised, deformed and shackled. We relied upon age and experience to strengthen its limbs, so that it should throw off the bonds and put away the disguises and affectations, and come forth in its own native simplicity. In this hope we have been as yet disappointed. Mrs. BROWNING has not profited much by experience, and age has converted many of her foibles into habits. In the latest poems in these volumes we find the very same defects which we lamented in the earliest, if anything, exaggerated and more frequent, as if she had learned to look upon them as virtues, and was proud to display them. Still there is the same recklessness of rhyme and metre; the same indulgence in words without meaning, the same mistaking of sound for sense, the same incompleteness of thought, as if her imagination could only embrace a part of an idea. Yet mingled with these are passages and even whole poems of the truest poetry, which double our regret that one who can write so well should condescend to write so ill, and which suffice, like the ten holy men in the doomed cities, to save her volumes from utter condemnation, and to preserve for her a place among the poets of England.

A few specimens, both of her beauties and faults, will illustrate these remarks. We begin with the latter, that the reader may part with the most pleasing impression upon his mind.

The *Leader*, and some other papers, have quoted, in proof of her powers, passages from "The Vision of Poets," intended to depict the supposed sufferings of the sons of song—one of those myths maintained by the whole race in their verses and disproved by their lives. It contains a sort of illustrated catalogue of the poets from the earliest times to the present, and professes to depict the characteristic of each. Some portions of it are unexceptionable, but what will our readers say to such stuff as the following.

And Burns, with pungent passionings  
Set in his eyes. Deep lyric springs  
Are of the fire-mount's issuings.

And Shelley, in his white ideal,  
All statue blind; and Keats, the real  
Adonis, with the hymeneal.

Fresh vernal buds, half sunk between  
His youthful curls, kissed straight and sheen  
In his Rome-grave, by Venus Queen.

And poor proud Byron,—sad as grave,  
And salt as life; forlornly brave,  
And quivering with the dart he drave.

And visionary Coleridge, who  
Did sweep his thoughts as angels do  
Their wings, with cadence up the blue.

If a school girl had composed such doggerel as this, and sent it to a provincial newspaper, it would have been rejected as unfit even for its "Original Poetry,"—but being by Mrs. BROWNING some critics have dared to express admiration for it! Here, again, from "the Drama of Exile."

Live, work on, O Earthly!  
By the actual's tension,  
Speed the arrow worthy  
Of a pure ascension.

Surely this is pure nonsense. If it is intended to convey any idea at all, why is it not expressed more distinctly? They who have clear thoughts can always utter them clearly. A hazy sentence is always the result of mental confusion. The idea is not distinct upon paper because it is indistinct in the mind. One more

From my brain the soul wings budded—waved a flame  
about my body  
Whence conventions coiled to ashes. I felt self-drawn  
out, as man,  
From amalgamate false natures; and I saw the skies grow  
rudely  
With the deepening feet of angels, and I knew what  
spirits can.

Is not this very midsummer madness?—And this also?

And I build my song of high pure notes,  
Note over note, height over height,  
Till I strike the arch of the Lydian;  
And I bridge obsequial agonies  
With strong clear calms of harmonies.

And there are not many pages in which provoking faults such as these are not to be found destroying the tasteful reader's delight when he is most pleased and most admiring.

Yet are the beauties so many and so great that for their sake we endure even these defects. What power there is in these verses from a poem entitled

#### THE CRY OF THE FACTORY CHILDREN.

"For oh," says the children, "we are weary,  
And we cannot run or leap—  
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely  
To drop down in them and sleep.  
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—  
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;  
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,  
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.  
For, all day, we drag our burden thrine,  
Through the coal-dark, underground—  
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron  
In the factories, round and round.

For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning,—  
Their wind comes in our faces,—  
Till our hearts turn,—our heads with pulses burning,  
And the walls turn in their places—  
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—  
Turns the long light that droppeth down the wall—  
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—  
All are turning, all the day, and we with all,—  
And all day, the iron wheels are droning;  
And sometimes we could pray,  
"O ye wheels," (breaking out in a mad moaning,)—  
"Stop! be silent for to-day!"

Ay! be silent! Let them hear each other breathing  
For a moment, mouth to mouth—  
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing  
Of their tender human youth!  
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion  
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals—  
Let them prove their inward souls against the notion  
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!—  
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,  
Grinding life down from its mark;  
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,  
Spin on blindly in the dark.

There is a beautiful pathos in the poem entitled

#### A DEAD ROSE.

O rose! who dares to name thee?  
No longer rosette now, nor soft nor sweet;  
But pale, and hard, and dry, as stubble-wheat,—  
Kept seven years in a drawer—thy titles shame thee.

The breeze that used to blow thee  
Between the hedge-row thorns, and take away  
An odour up the lane to last all day,—  
If breathing now,—unsweetened would forgo thee.

The sun that used to smite thee,  
And mix his glory in thy gorgeous urn,  
Till beam appeared to bloom, and flower to burn,—  
If shining now,—with not a hue would light thee.

The dew that used to wet thee,  
And, white first, grow incarnadined, because  
It lay upon thee where the crimson was,—  
If dropping now,—would darken where it et thee.

The fly that lit upon thee,  
To stretch the tendrils of its tiny feet,  
Along thy leaf's pure edges, after heat,—  
If lighting now,—would coldly overrun thee.

The bee that once did suck thee,  
And build thy perfumed ambers up his hive,  
And swoon in thee for joy, till scarce alive,—  
If passing now,—would blindly overlook thee.

The heart doth recognise thee,  
Alone, alone! The heart doth smell the sweet,  
Doth view the fair, doth judge thee most complete—  
Though seeing now those changes that disguise thee.

Yes, and the heart doth owe thee  
More love, dead rose! than to such roses bold  
As Julia wears at dances, smiling cold!—  
Lie still upon this heart—which breaks below thee!

We should notice with warm commendation her translation of *Prometheus Bound*, perhaps the best translation of a classic by a female hand which our literature can boast. She has caught the spirit of the original, and given us that instead of the bare lifeless words. This is a sonnet of great merit.

#### CONSOLATION.

All are not taken! there are left behind  
Living Beloveds, tender looks to bring,  
And make the daylight still a happy thing,  
And tender voices to make soft the wind.  
But if it were not so—if I could find  
No love in all the world for comforting,  
Nor any path but hollowly did ring,  
Where "dust to dust" the love from life disjoined—  
And if before those sepulchres unmoving  
I stood alone (as some forsaken lamb  
Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth),  
Crying "Where are ye, O my loved and loving?"  
I know a Voice would sound, "Daughter, I AM  
Can I suffice for HEAVEN, and not for earth!"

Here is a composition fraught with the finest poetry, suggested by an expression in a poem written by the unfortunate L. E. L. during her voyage to the Cape.

#### DO YOU THINK OF ME?

"Do you think of me as I think of you,  
My friends, my friends!"—She said it from the sea,  
The English minstrel in her minstrelsy;  
While, under brighter skies than erst she knew,  
Her heart grew dark,—and groped there, as the blind,  
To reach across the waves, friends left behind—  
"Do you think of me as I think of you!"

It seemed not much to ask—As I of you?—  
We all do ask the same. No eyelids cover  
Within the meek eyes, that question over,—  
And little, in the world, the Loving do,  
But sit (among the rocks?) and listen for  
The echo of their own love evermore—  
"Do you think of me as I think of you?"

Love-learned, she had sung of love and love,—  
And, like a child, that, sleeping with dropt head  
Upon the fairy-book he lately read,  
Whatever household noises round him move,  
Hears in his dream some elfin turbulence,—  
Even so, suggestive to her inward sense,  
All sounds of life assumed one tune of love.

And when the glory of her dream withdrew,—  
When knightly gestures and courtly pageantries  
Were broken in her visionary eyes,  
By tears the solemn seas attested true,—  
Forgetting that sweet lute beside her hand,  
She asked not,—do you praise me, O my land?—  
But—"Think ye of me, friends, as I of you!"

Hers was the hand that played for many a year  
Love's silver phrase for England,—smooth and well!  
Would God, her heart's more inward oracle  
In that lone moment, might confirm her dear!  
For when her questioned friends in agony  
Made passionate response,—"We think of thee,"—  
Her place was in the dust, too deep to hear.

Could she not wait to catch their answering breath?  
Was she content—content—with ocean's sound,  
Which dashed its mocking infinite around  
One thirsty for a little love?—beneath  
Those stars, content,—where last her song had gone,—  
They, mute and cold in radiant life,—as soon  
Their singer was to be, in darkness death?

Bring your vain answers—cry, "We think of thee!"  
How think ye of her? warm in long ago  
Delights?—or crowned with budding boys? Not so.  
None smile and none are crowned where lieth she,—  
With all her visions unfulfilled, save one—  
Her childhood's—of the palm-trees in the sun—  
And lo! their shadow on her sepulchre!

"Do you think of me as I think of you?"—  
O friends,—O kindred,—O dear brotherhood  
Of all the world! what are we, that we should  
For covenants of long affection sue?  
Why press so near each other, when the touch  
Is barred by graves? Not much, and yet too much,  
Is this "Think of me as I think of you."

But while on mortal lips I shape anew  
A sigh to mortal issues,—verily  
Above the unshaken stars that see us die,  
A vocal pathos rolls! and He who drew  
All life from dust, and for all, tasted death,  
By death and life and love, appealing, sath,  
Do you think of me as I think of you?

There is a playfulness in the following which will recommend its soberer truths to many a memory.

#### A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS.

Love me, sweet, with all thou art,  
Feeling, thinking, seeing,—  
Love me in the lightest part,  
Love me in full being.

Love me with thine open youth  
In its frank surrender;  
With the vowing of thy mouth,  
With its silence tender.

Love me with thine azure eyes,  
Made for earnest granting!  
Taking colour from the skies,  
Can Heaven's truth be wanting?

Love me with their lids, that fall  
Snow-like at first meeting:  
Love me with thine heart, that all  
The neighbours then see beating.

Love me with thine hand stretched out  
Freely—open-minded:  
Love me with thy loitering foot,—  
Hearing one behind it.

Love me with thy voice, that turns  
Sudden faint above me;  
Love me with thy blush that burns  
When I murmur "Love me!"

Love me with thy thinking soul—  
Break it to love-sighing;  
Love me with thy thoughts that roll  
On through living—dying.

Love me in thy gorgeous airs,  
When the world has crowned thee!  
Love me, kneeling at thy prayers,  
With the angels round thee.

Love me pure, as musers do,  
Up the woodlands shady:  
Love me gaily, fast, and true,  
As a winsome lady.

Through all hopes that keep us brave,  
Further off or nigher,  
Love me for the house and grave,—  
And for something higher.

Thus, if thou wilt prove me, dear,  
Woman's love no fable,  
I will love thee—half-a-year—  
As a man is able.

We must take now a portion of a poem addressed to Mr. BORD who had presented her with some

#### CYPRUS WINE.

Sooth, the drinking should be ampler,  
When the drink is so divine:  
And some deep-mouthed Greek exemplar  
Would become your Cyprian wine.  
Cyclop's mouth might plunge aright in,  
While his one eye overleered;  
Nor too large were mouth of Titan,  
Drinking rivers down his beard.  
Pan might dip his head so deep in,  
That his ears alone pricked out;  
Fawns around him, pressing, leaping,  
Each one pointing to his throat;  
While the Naiads, like Bacchantes,  
Wild, with arms thrown out to waste,  
Cry, "O Earth, that thou wouldst grant us  
Springs to keep of such a taste!"

Very copious are my praises,  
Though I sip it like a fly!  
Ah! but, sipping, times and places  
Change before me suddenly,  
As Ulysses' old libation  
Drew the ghosts from every part,  
So your Cyprian wine, dear Grecian,  
Stirs the Hades of my heart.  
And I think of those long mornings  
Which my thought goes far to seek,  
When betwixt the foliage's turnings,  
Solemn flowed the rhythmic Greek.  
Past the pane, the mountain spreading,  
Swept the sheep-bell's tinkling noise,  
While a girlish voice was reading  
Somewhat low for *ai's* and *oi's*.

Ah, my gossip! you were older,  
And more leanned, and a man!  
Yet that shadow—the enfolder  
Of your quiet eyelids—ran  
Both our spirits to one level;  
And I turned from hill and lea,  
And the summer sun's green revel,  
To your eyes that could not see.  
So to come back to the drinking  
Of this Cyprus—it is well;  
But those memories, to my thinking,  
Make a better anemol:  
And whoever be the speaker,  
None can murmur with a sigh,  
That, in drinking from that beaker,  
I am sipping like a fly."

In conclusion we present two sonnets, of which WORDSWORTH might have boasted.

I never gave a lock of hair away  
To a man, Dearest, except this to thee,  
Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully  
I ring out to the full brown length and say  
"Take it." My day of youth went yesterday;  
My hair no longer bounds to my foot's glee,  
Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle-tree,  
As girls do, any more. It only may  
Now shade on two pale cheeks, the mark of tears,  
Taught drooping from the head that hangs aside  
Through sorrow's trick. I thought the funeral-shears  
Would take this first; but love is justified:

Take it thou, . . . finding pure from all those years,  
The kiss my mother left here when she died.  
How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and Ideal Grace.  
I love thee to the level of everyday's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise;  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith;  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

We cannot part from Mrs. BROWNING without expressing an earnest hope that such true genius may yet throw off its weaknesses and vindicate its natural greatness.

E. W. C.

*Staves for the Human Ladder.* By G. LINNÆUS BANKS. London: Gilpin.

A CLOSELY packed volume of poems, which have the merit of being for the most part suggested by the themes and events of every-day life, and the present aspects of society, and the scenes and persons about us. This gives to them a vital interest and a character which is wanting in the greater portion of the volumes of poetry transmitted for review, for they deal only with *un-realities*, or more sentimentalities, which nothing but the highest genius can recommend to the reader, or redeem from utter inanity. Mr. BANKS is more than respectable in the construction of his verse: he has mastered the mechanism of poetry, and that is an accomplishment, the rarity of which would surprise those who are not condemned, as we are, to turn over weekly the leaves of some four or five volumes of bad rhyme and imperfect metre. The defect of the poems here collected is the absence of any striking original thoughts: it is rather very respectable prose put into verse, than poetry in the true sense of that term. If Mr. Banks would give himself to prose instead of rhymes, we have little doubt that he would take a much higher place than he can hope to acquire by writing verses, and, certainly, a far greater probability of profit.

#### RELIGION.

*Christianity in Ceylon; its Introduction and Progress under the Portuguese, the Dutch, the British, and American Missions; with an Historical Sketch of the Brahminical and Buddhist Superstitions.* By Sir JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, K.C.S., LL.D., &c. With Illustrations. London: Murray.

SIR J. E. TENNENT informs us that he has been preparing a complete work on the history, geography and government of Ceylon. But he found his materials too abundant to be compressed into one book, without such a condensation as would make it more of a catalogue than a narrative. In the course of his researches he has accumulated a great deal of new and valuable information relative to the religion of the natives and the prospects of Christianity among them, and this being a distinct and important branch of his subject, he has deemed it best to separate it from the other portions and publish it as a distinct work.

The arrangement is convenient for remembrance and reference. It commences with the history of the first introduction of Christianity by Roman Catholic Missionaries from Portugal. Apparently their success was great, but it was not enduring, for it was due to the gorgeousness of the ceremonial which recommended itself to the senses of the ignorant natives. Of the Christian *faith* they knew nothing. When the Dutch expelled the Portuguese, the Presbyterian creed and worship were substituted for the Romish ritual. This also was very successful at first, although for a different reason. The Dutch made the profession of Christianity the condition, not only of all honours and trusts, but of the enjoyment of civil rights and the possession of property, and of course there was a considerable amount of *conformity*. But with the *form* of baptism the rulers were satisfied, and having submitted to this, the people were left to follow their own faith in opinion and practice, and not finding in the Presbyterian churches the attractions for the eye that appealed to them in their own

temples and in the Romish churches, they remained in obstinate infidelity; the missionaries made no progress, and after a long struggle the attempt at conversion was abandoned as hopeless.

The field was thus closed against other missionaries. The Dutch were expelled by the English, and the natives declared themselves ready to adopt the government religion, whatever it might be. But their English rulers did not care to trouble them on the matter, but suffered them to follow their own faith in peace. However, after awhile, missionaries arrived from England, almost every denomination being represented there: the Baptists, the Methodists, and the Church of England being the most active and numerous. Very full accounts are given of their progress from that period to the present time.

The native religion with which they have to contend is Brahminical, the people being of two sects, respectively followers of Buddha and Brahma. Buddhism is essentially a *moral*, Brahminism a *philosophical* system. The missionaries have learned by experience to assail them by different weapons, attacking the latter with argument and evidence addressed to the reflecting and the intelligent, and the former by coinciding with its excellent teachings, so far as they go, but showing how much further and more perfectly Christianity carries out its principles. They look upon education as the surest means of ultimately sapping the foundations of both, and therefore they began with the establishment of schools, and the training of the youthful mind in the wonders of science, and the truths of religion as revealed in the Bible. Hence it is that schools are almost as thickly scattered through the more civilized parts of Ceylon as in England. Boys and girls are taught gratuitously, and institutions have been founded for those who can afford to pay for instruction. Sir E. TENNENT informs us that the natives are singularly apt at learning, and exhibit more than average intelligence. They now avail themselves eagerly of the schools and colleges, there being at all times more applicants than vacancies. They appear to be perfectly conscious of the advantages of education, and unlike the most ignorant in England, they are desirous that their children should enjoy the benefits they were not so fortunate as to procure for themselves.

The results of these exertions are highly encouraging, socially and morally. Wherever schools have been planted, the character of the population has undergone a marked improvement. They have become more orderly, industrious, and honest. But it must also be confessed that comparatively little has been done in the way of *conversion*. Christian faith has made small progress. The cause of this is supposed by Sir E. TENNENT to be in the peculiar character of Buddhism, which encourages a sort of philosophical indifference to faiths of any kind, and accounts good works as that which alone is to be regarded by our fellowmen as acceptable to the Deity. Even where they submit to the *forms* of the Christian Churches, they exhibit the most entire innocence of anything beyond them. They have no notion of the mysteries of the Christian *faith*. The following anecdote shows how this kind of conformity operates.

A man in Malwana, being alarmed during an attack of sickness that he should die before his son and heir could be baptized, sent for his brother, who, instead of carrying the child all the way to Colombo, *borrowed an infant in the town*, and had it baptized and registered by a Wesleyan minister in the name of the absent child, who was at home. In this way the same infant has been frequently baptized many times.

Nor is this an accidental instance. Many others are related by Sir E. TENNENT. We take one of them:

A curious illustration of the prevalence of this disposition to conform to the two religions was related to me recently. A Singhalese chief came a short time since to the principal of a Government seminary at Colombo, desirous to place his son as a pupil of the institution,



and agreed, without an instant's hesitation, that the boy should conform to the discipline of the school, which requires the reading of the Scriptures and attendance on the hours of worship and prayer; accounting for his ready acquiescence by an assurance that he entertained an equal respect for the doctrines of Buddhism and Christianity. "But how can you," said the Principal, "with your superior education and intelligence, reconcile yourself thus to halt between two opinions, and submit to the inconsistency of professing an equal belief in two conflicting religions?" "Do you see," replied the subtle chief, laying his hand on the arm of the other, and directing his attention to a canoe with a large spar as an outrigger lashed alongside, in which a fisherman was just pushing off upon the lake, "do you see the style of these boats, in which our fishermen always put to sea, and that that spar is almost equivalent to a second canoe, which keeps the first from upsetting? It is precisely so with myself: I add on your religion to steady my own, because I consider Christianity a very safe outrigger to Buddhism."

The island abounds in nominal Christians, who call themselves such as a matter of policy, in hope of getting into offices. They make no disguise of it. They term their creed "The Religion of the East India Company," and they profess both Buddhism and Christianity. This is the account of the

#### SHAM CHRISTIANS IN CEYLON.

The Singhalese term for the ceremony (Baptism), is *Christianikarenewa*, or "Christian making;" but it is far from being regarded as anything solemn or religious. It had been declared *honourable* by the Portuguese to undergo such a ceremony; it had been rendered *profitable* by the Dutch; and, after three hundred years' familiarity with the process, the natives were unable to divest themselves of the belief that submission to the ceremony was enjoined by orders from the Civil Government. Of baptism itself they have no other conception than some civil distinction which it is supposed to confer. If two Buddhists quarrel, it is no unusual term of reproach to apply the epithet of an "unbaptized wretch"; and when a parent upbraids his child in anger, he sometimes threatens to disinherit him, by saying he will "blot out his baptism from the thombu."

Prodigious numbers of nominal Christians who have been thus enrolled, designate themselves "Christian Buddhists," or "Government Christians," and with scarcely an exception they are either heathens or sceptics. There are large districts in which it would be difficult to discover an unbaptized Singhalese, and yet in the midst of these the religion of Buddha flourishes, and priests and temples abound. The majority ostensibly profess Christianity, but support all the ceremonies of their own national idolatry, and more or less openly frequent the temples, and make votive offerings to the idol. The rest are alternately Christians or infidels, as occasion may render it expedient to appear; and in point of character and conduct they are notoriously the most abandoned and reckless class of the community.

Sir E. TENNENT gives this interesting account of

#### BUDDHISM.

The antiquity of its worship is so extreme, that doubts still hang over its origin and its chronological relation to the Brahmanical religion. Whether it took its rise in Hindostan or in countries farther to the West, and whether Buddhism was the original doctrine of which Brahmanism became a corruption, or Brahmanism the original and Buddhism an effort to restore it to its pristine purity—all these are questions which have yet to be adjusted by the result of oriental research. It is, however, established by a concurrence of historical proofs that, many centuries before the era of Christianity, the doctrines of Buddha were enthusiastically cultivated in Central India, and at a still later period in Bahar, the *Maghada*, or the country of the Magas, in the ancient geography of the Hindoos, and whose modern name is identified with the *Wihares* or monasteries of Buddhism. Thence its teachers diffused themselves extensively throughout the Indian continent, and the countries to the eastward of it, upwards of two thousand years ago it became the national religion of Ceylon and the Indian Archipelago; and its tenets have been adopted throughout the vast regions which extend from Siberia to Siam, and from the Bay of Bengal to the western shores of the Pacific.

Looking to its influence at the present day over at least three hundred and fifty millions of human beings—exceeding one-third of the human race—it is no exaggeration to say that the religion of Buddha is the most widely diffused that now exists, or that ever has existed since the creation of mankind.

Sir E. TENNENT is, however, of cheerful hope. We believe that the seed has been

sown which will ere long bear abundant fruit. According to him these are the

#### PROSPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY IN CEYLON.

Political changes are usually rapid, and often the offspring of a single cause; but all moral revolutions are of gradual development, and the result of innumerable agencies. Progressive growth is the law and progress of nature in all her grand operations. Philosophy, science, and art, all the moral and intellectual developments of man are progressive; and under the influence of Christianity itself, the march of civilization, though controlled and directed by its ascendancy, is regulated by those eternal laws of social progress which have been ordained by Omnipotence. The pace may be slow and unequal, but the tendency is onward, and the result may be eventually rapidly developed; and such, it is my firm conviction, will be the effect of what is now in progress, not in Ceylon alone, but throughout the continent of India. A large proportion of the labour hitherto has been prospective, but its effects are already in incipient operation; and, on all ordinary principles, a power once in motion is calculated to gather velocity and momentum by its own career. When the time shall have arrived for the mighty masses of India to move with a simultaneous impulse, it is impossible to calculate the effect; but looking to the magnitude of the operations which have been so long in process, to the vastness of the agencies which have been organized, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the last conquests of Christianity may be achieved with incomparably greater rapidity than has marked its earlier progress and signalized its first success; and that in the instance of India, "the ploughman may overtake the reaper, the treader of grapes him that soweth the seed," and the type of the prophet realized, "that a nation shall be born in a day."

The difference between the two native faiths is thus sketched:

#### BRAHMANISM AND BUDDHISM.

Brahmanism in its constitution and spirit is essentially exclusive and fanatical, jealous of all other faiths, and strongly disposed to persecution. Buddhism, on the other hand, in the strength of its self-righteousness, extends a latitudinarian liberty to every other belief, and exhibits a Laodicean indifference towards its own. Whilst Brahmanism is a science confided only to an initiated priesthood, and the Vedas and Shastras in which its precepts are embodied are kept with jealousy from the profane eye of the people, Buddhism, rejoicing in its universality, aspires to be the religion of the multitude, throws open its sacred pages without restriction, and encourages their perusal as a meritorious act of devotion. The despotic ministers of Brahma affect to be versed only in arcanæ and mystery, and to issue their dicta from oracular authority; but the priesthood of Buddha assume no higher functions than those of teachers of ethics, and claim no loftier title than that of "the clergy of reason."

And again

The basis of this distinction is the greater degree in which the religion of the Brahmans professes to repose on the exact and physical sciences, and the larger admixture of false philosophy and fable with which its most important tenets have been copiously blended. Buddhism, whilst affecting a similar association with subjects so profound, has in the long lapse of time not only admitted innovations into its physical and historical structure, but, enamoured of its metaphysical subtleties, it has given to its code of ethics and morals a prominence of position beyond that which is affected by the Brahmans and Hindoos, and which renders the latter system comparatively more assailable by the agency of argument.

And the influence of the Priesthood has conduced to this debasement of the worshippers by a degrading ceremonial and cruel observances.

Hopeless of earning the approbation of the benevolent principle of the divinity, he seeks to deprecate the wrath of the malignant: despairing of a smile from the Ormuzd of his triad, he turns in terror to avert the frown of its Ahirman. Hence come the impulses to devil worship, the licentious orgies of Shiva, the bloody sacrifices of Kali, the funeral piles of the Suttee, the atrocities of Jaggamath, the self-inflicted tortures of the fakirs, the parricidal murders in the waters of the Ganges, the revolting festivals of the Durga, the horrors of Charak-pooja, and the unearthly carnage of the Phanségars and Thugs. Hence the origin of rites to which it is a desecration of language to apply the designation of worship; and which, hopeless of conciliating heaven, seem designed only to move the sympathies of hell. In each and in all its developments, the Brahman, in the full ascendancy of his divine investiture, directs, controls, and

animates the system; his supremacy undoubted, his authority unquestioned, and his officiation the appointed link of connection between the Deity and the other members of the human race.

Such are the forms of superstition with which the mild spirit of Christianity has to contend in Ceylon. But, with God's blessing, it will assuredly triumph in the end. It needs only patience and perseverance, and that which, after all, is the surest pioneer of Christianity—education!

*The Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius Pamphilus, Bishop of Caesarea, in Palestine. Translated from the Greek. By the Rev. C. F. CRUSE, A.M. With Notes selected from the Edition of Valesius. London: Bohn. 1851.*

EUSEBIUS was the earliest of the historians of the Christian Church, and, therefore, the father of that branch of literature. The history of which the very elegant translation is before us was written somewhere about A. D. 320; but the precise date is not known. Hence the esteem in which it has always been held, and the peculiar interest that belongs to it. Upon the whole, it appears to be a tolerably impartial record, and, certainly, less biased by sectarian passions than any of his successors. The style is somewhat inflated, but forcible; the good bishop, like all the ecclesiastical writers of early times, making his assertions with a sort of dogmatic confidence, and passing summary judgment on those who differ from him with an unconsciousness that where there is a difference there is probably a doubt, which is amusing enough. He commences with the birth of CHRIST, but very briefly, and passes to the events subsequent upon the death of the Saviour, which was his proper theme. His descriptions of the early sects, who attempted to reconcile Christianity with various of the philosophies of the age, are extremely curious, and it is not difficult to trace in them the origin of a very considerable portion of the ritual of Rome. His history extends to the reign of CONSTANTINE the Great,—his own time—in the disputes and business of which he took a very active part, and much of what he here narrates must have come under his own observation. This volume is an addition to "Mr. Bohn's Standard Library," and, therefore, can be procured at a very trifling cost.

Two or three passages will interest our readers, and show the character and style of this very ancient history. This is EUSEBIUS's account of

#### THE RELATIVES OF OUR LORD.

There were yet living of the family of our Lord, the grandchildren of Judas, called the brother of our Lord, according to the flesh. These were reported as being of the family of David, and were brought to Domitian by the Evocatus. For this emperor was as much alarmed at the appearance of Christ as Herod. He put the question, whether they were of David's race, and they confessed that they were. He then asked them what property they had, or how much money they owned. And both of them answered, that they had between them only nine thousand denarii, and this they had not in silver, but in the value of a piece of land, containing only thirty-nine acres; from which they raised their taxes and supported themselves by their own labour. Then they also began to show their hands, exhibiting the hardness of their bodies, and the callosity formed by incessant labour on their hands, as evidence of their own labour. When asked, also, respecting Christ and his kingdom, what was its nature, and when and where it was to appear, they replied, "that it was not a temporal nor an earthly kingdom, but celestial and angelic; that it would appear at the end of the world, when coming in glory he would judge the quick and dead, and give to every one according to his works." Upon which Domitian despising them, made no reply; but treating them with contempt, as simpletons, commanded them to be dismissed, and by a decree ordered the persecution to cease. Thus delivered, they ruled the churches, both as witnesses and relatives of the Lord. When peace was established, they continued living even to the times of Trajan.

#### HOW PILATE DESTROYED HIMSELF.

It is proper, also, to observe, how it is asserted that this same Pilate, who was governor at our Saviour's

crucifixion, in the reign of Caius, whose times we are recording, fell into such calamities that he was forced to become his own murderer, and the avenger of his own wickedness. Divine justice, it seems, did not long protract his punishment. This is stated by those Greek historians who have recorded the Olympiads in order, together with the transactions of the times.

As some discussion has lately been had in the newspapers on the subject, we cite the account given of

#### THE PREACHING OF ST. PETER IN ROME.

Such was the wickedness of which that malignant power, the enemy of all good, and the waylayer of human salvation, constituted Simon the father and author at this time, as if with a view to make him a great and powerful antagonist to the divine purposes of our Saviour and his apostles. Nevertheless, that divine and celestial grace which co-operates with its servants, by their appearance and presence, soon extinguished the flame that had been kindled by the wicked one, humbling and casting down through them "every height that elevated itself against the knowledge of God." Wherefore, neither the conspiracy of Simon, nor that of any other one then existing, was able to effect anything against those apostolic times. For the declaration of the truth prevailed and overpowered all, and the divine word itself, now shining from heaven upon men, and flourishing upon earth, and dwelling with his apostles, prevailed and overpowered every opposition. Immediately the aforesaid impostor being smitten, as to his mental eye, by a divine and supernatural brilliancy, as when, on a former occasion in Judea, he was convicted of his wickedness by the apostle Peter, he undertook a great journey from the east across the sea, and fled to the west, thinking that this was the only way for him to live according to his mind. Entering the city of Rome, by the co-operation of that malignant spirit which had fixed its seat there, his attempts were soon so far successful, as to be honoured as a god, with the erection of a statue by the inhabitants of that city. This, however, did not continue long; for immediately under the reign of Claudius, by the benign and gracious providence of God, Peter, that powerful and great apostle, who by his courage took the lead of all the rest, was conducted to Rome against this pest of mankind. He, like a noble commander of God, fortified with divine armour, bore the precious merchandise of the revealed light from the east to those in the west, announcing the light itself, and salutary doctrine of the soul, the proclamation of the kingdom of God.

*The Modern Judea, compared with Ancient Prophecy*  
By the Rev. JAMES AITKEN WYLIE. London: Collins.

AN importation from America, but not, therefore, the less welcome. It is a most interesting and unobtrusive Sunday book. Mr. WYLIE describes Judea from the best and most recent travellers, and compares their accounts of its present state with the language of the prophecies, and thence proves how completely the latter have been fulfilled. Even as the best account we have ever read of the Holy Land, it would be an acceptable volume; but when that copious information is turned to such good account, the worth of the book is doubled. It is a further recommendation that it is very cheap.

*Jewel's Apology for the Church of England.*  
Washbourne.

This elegant reprint, in a volume for the pocket, of the eloquent and powerful argument of the ablest of the champions of the church of England, appears opportunely and will doubtless command an extensive sale.

#### TRUE MEANINGS OF WORDS IN COMMON USE.

The following are gleanings made in the course of researches into ecclesiastical history and antiquities. If they should be well received they will be continued from time to time.]

ADIEU, from *Ad deum te commendo*; that is, I commend you to God. Farewell—Fare-ye-well; a similar expression to the *Io pen* of the Egyptians. The *Deo gratias* of the Romans being short expressions to excite a reliance on God in distress.

BLARNEY—"He has been at Blarney." "None of your Blarney." This is an Irish cant term. The castle of Blarney is about three miles from Cork, and adjoining there was a large square tower, with winding stone stairs to the top. The floors were all gone, but the roof, which was of stone, was entire, in the crevices of which, and on the battlements, parsley grew in great luxuriance and abundance. It was a custom for strangers who ascended to the top of the tower to creep on their hands and knees to the corner-stone of the highest pinnacle, and kiss the same; by virtue of which the

parties ever after were said to be endowed with extraordinary powers of loquacity and persuasion. Hence, it was common to say of a wheedling prating fellow, "He has been at Blarney," or "None of your Blarney."

BRETHREN IN INIQUITY; SWORN BROTHERS. This term probably arose from a custom in Morlachia and other places, where friendship between the same sex is, like marriage, ratified at the altar. Others say, from persons covenanting formerly to share each other's fortune in any expedition to invade a country; as were Robert de Oily and Robert Ivery, in William the Conqueror's expedition into England. "Brethren in iniquity," because of their dividing plunder.

BUGG-A-BO, or BUGGAN-BO.—Originally no more than mothers frightening their children with the *bull-bo*, *bull-bo*, which the little ones not rightly pronouncing, call *bug-a-bo*. It is probably *bogle-bo*, *bogle* signifying a malevolent spirit; the Shropshire term *buggan-bo*, meaning the same thing. If a horse take fright, they say he spies a *buggan*.

CANTERBURY GALLOP.—In horsemanship, the hard gallop of an ambling horse; probably derived from the monks riding to Canterbury upon ambling horses.

DAGGLE-TAILED.—Dag signifies dew upon the grass; hence, a woman who has dirtied her clothes with wet or mire, is called *daggle-tail*, corrupted to *draggle-tail*.—Grose.

GRAIDLY, or GRAYDELY.—This Lancashire word has puzzled philologists as to its origin and derivation. Its variety of significations have only served to bewilder the inquirer still further. Its most general meaning, however, is properly, expertly, or dexterously.

HARUM-SCARUM, to affright or make wild, hence "*harum scarum*," or "*starum*."

HELTER-SKELTER.—Kelter or kilter, France; order or condition, North country. Hence, *helter skelter*, a corruption of *helter*, to bang, and *kelter*, order; that is, hang order, or in defiance of order. In good kelter, in good case or condition:

"Sir John, I am thy pistol and thy friend,  
And helter skelter have I rode to thee."—*Shakespeare*.

HOCUS POCUS.—Derived from *hoc est corpus*, the form of consecrating the sacramental bread in the Romish Church.

HUGGER-MUGGER.—This phrase is supposed by some to be derived from "*huger murcker*," to hug or embrace in the dark. Skinner derives it from *hogar*, Saxon, or *hogger*, Belgic, to be fond of, and *murcker* Teutonic, darkness. Sir Thomas More writes it "*hoker moker*."

HURLY BURLY is said to owe its origin to two neighbouring families, *Hurleigh* and *Burleigh*, who filled their part of the kingdom with contest and violence. In vulgar language, confusion and tumult.

IRISH HOWL AT FUNERALS, originated from the Romans' outcry at the decease of their friends, they hoping thus to awaken the soul, which they supposed might be inactive. The *prefacio* of the ancients.

KNAVE.—This was anciently a regular addition, as esquire is now to a gentleman, &c. With us, a knavish action is a feudal term, implying fit only for the meanest servants.

MAUDLIN—Drunk; intoxicated with liquor. Said to be a corruption of Magdalen, who being drawn by painters with swollen eyes and a disordered look, might have given occasion to apply the name to a drunkard's countenance.

ON THE TAPIS.—The affair is on the "tapis," of "carpet," is borrowed from the House of Peers, where the table used to be covered with a carpet.

QUANDARY.—A man is said to be in a quandary, when he is in a study or doubt what to do, or when to act what he hath in thought. It is conjectured to come from *quando ora*, for that, in the time of heathenism, people would ask *Quando ora?* "When shall the sacrifice be made?" or "when will the altar be ready?" Others derive it from the French *Qu'en diray-je?* that is "What shall I say on it?"—*Blount*.

SPICK AND SPAN NEW, from *spica*, an ear of corn, and the spawn of fishes; but rather from *spike*, a sort of nail, and *sprun*, a chip of a boat; so that it is all one to say, "every chip and nail is new."—*Ray*. Spick and span new—every part new (south country term). Some derive this from a spear, the head of which was vulgarly called the spike, and the handle or staff the span; so that "spick and span new" was both head and staff; that is, the whole weapon new.—*Grose*.—Cloth is said to be "spic and span new," when just taken down from the tenter hooks; and, from the idea, the expression has been applied to everything else that is just come out of the hands of the workman.—*Leman*.

TERMAGANT signifies an outrageous scold, from Termagant, a cruel Pagan, formerly represented in divers shows and entertainments, where, being dressed *a la Turque*, in long clothes, he was mistaken for a furious woman.

TO BOOT—BUT, is the imperative *bot of botan*, "to boot," that is, to superadd, to supply, to substitute, to compensate with, to remedy with, to make amends with, to add something more, in order to make up a deficiency in something else.—*Horne Tooke*.

TORSY TURVY is considered to be derived from the turning of turf topside downwards; hence, *torside turvay*, that is, the way in which they lay turf when cut for fuel, or removed to other places. "The topside of anything turned down.—*Upton*."

WELTER, to welter, or waddle, to go aside or heavily, as do fat persons. From the Saxon *wealtran*, to reel or stagger; from *weltan*, to tumble or bolt; whence "weltering in blood."—*Grose*.

#### EDUCATION & CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

*The History of Sandford and Merton.* By Mr. THOMAS DAY. London: Washbourne.

WE well remember how, when we first rejoiced in a jacket and trousers—that was now some thirty-three years ago,—we were recommended by a playmate of the same age to read *Sandford and Merton*, and how eagerly we devoured the pages upon his loan of the volume, and how we talked it over, and conned it over together, and how, when the book was afterwards presented to us as a Christmas gift, by a good-natured grandmamma, we read it ever so many times, with ever fresh delight, and how the same love for it was shown by our younger brothers and sisters as they advanced in turn to the reading age, until at last the loved volume was fairly thumbed out of existence. From that time to this it has not met our eye, and it was with almost a thrill of the old pleasure that we opened the beautiful edition of the old favourite of all young people, for which the children of our times are indebted to Mr. WASHBOURNE. He has printed it in handsome type, on fine paper, and embellished it with no less than twenty-two copper plate engravings, such as in our young days would have been found only in the costliest books for rich persons of mature age.

Of course it is enough to name such a book as to be had, to induce every parent and teacher to give to his children or pupils the same pleasure and profit which he has himself reaped from *Sandford and Merton*. Thank you, Mr. WASHBOURNE!

N.B.—This is not only for ourselves, as papa, but on behalf of all the boys and girls in the United Kingdom. There are many other nice children's books, which the publisher might usefully reproduce in like manner

*Very Little Tales for very Little Children.* First Series 9th Edition. Washbourne.

WE are not surprised that this admirable little book for beginners has reached a ninth edition; it is certain to attain to a nineteenth, for it is really a little child's book: in large type it tells in short words, pretty little tales, likely to amuse the child, just such tales as mamma tells out of her own fancy, when the little boy mounts her lap and says, "Do, dear mamma, tell me a story," and mamma narrates some incident of the house or the garden, or relating to himself, and he listens eagerly, and is never tired of hearing it repeated.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The South of Ireland in 1850: being the Journal of a Tour in Leinster and Munster.* By ARCHIBALD G. STARK. With numerous illustrations. By M. ANGELO HAYES. Dublin: Duffy. 1850.

MR. TRAVERS is fond of touring; and he is a bit of a politician, and a thorough sceptic in regard to everything which he has not personally tested. His love of scenery led him to Ireland; and a doubt that the social condition of that country is properly understood, led him to inquire into much that he saw, and to diverge from beaten tracks that his inquiries might become the more valuable. His book is not well arranged: the matter is thrown pell mell together. We doubt if Mr. TRAVERS has the faculty of generalization. Still he can tell a story well, and he has a happy knack of preserving just those facts which are intrinsically interesting or valuable, in that they bear closely on some leading topic of the time.

Mr. TRAVERS started from Dublin, and ran through Carlow, Cashel, Tipperary, Waterford, Cork, and Skibbereen to Bantry Bay: returning to Dublin by the route of Killarney. It will be seen that he mixed and talked much with the Irish people of all classes; and his familiarity seems to have begot that contempt which is the proverbial sequence. Still it is just to say that the perversion of the human faculties everywhere to be seen, among the Irish, it was that influenced him to his sweeping condemnation of rich and poor, educated and uneducated.



Although, as we have said, Mr. TRAVERS is unsystematic, he is penetrating, and very bold. He does not scruple to write of persons as well as of things. One of his gossiping stories is of the Queen's visit and the means taken to deceive VICTORIA:

"The change in the condition of the Duke's tenantry and peasantry must have taken place very suddenly," I remarked, "as on the occasion of the Queen's visit to Carton, we were told that all went 'merry as a marriage bell,' and every body was comfortable and happy."

"Ah, sir," said my fellow-traveller, with a look of indulgent pity at my simplicity, "it would have been better if the Queen had never come to Ireland at all, than that she should have been blind-folded in the way she was; and only that I am told she is a shrewd little lady, full of intelligence, who looks under the surface of things, she must have been deceived by the state of apparent comfort which she witnessed on the only occasion when she penetrated into the interior of the country. She came down to Carton in a carriage drawn by four blood-horses, which carried her over the country at a much quicker pace than we are now going upon this railway. The Duke had made a wise provision that nothing unsightly should meet the royal eye during the journey; for half-a-dozen fleet horsemen preceded the carriage, whose business it was to falsify the old adage that 'a cat may look at a king.' Well-dressed persons were allowed to remain on the road and take off their hats and cheer the Queen; but all wandering beggars and vagrants were, without ceremony, whipped over the hedge into the fields, and compelled to remain there in obscurity until the royal train had passed."

"Still," I remarked, "her Majesty's heart must have been gratified at the sight of the 'bold peasantry, their country's pride,' who appeared so gaily on the lawn of Carton House."

"Ha! ha! ha!"—and the fat grazier roared with laughter, like one that had the lungs of a Stentor. "Bold peasantry, indeed! Do you know what, sir—it is twenty years since I was in the Theatre Royal, Dublin; but last time I was there I saw much more joyous peasants disporting themselves on a lawn on the stage in Hawkin's-street; and of the two I think Mr. Calcraft is a better manager than the Duke. I was at Carton, and can tell you that no one who was not up to the mark in the matter of dress, no person out at the elbows, or whose locks made their appearance through the roof of his hat, was allowed to approach the lawn. Why, the fellow who danced the Irish jig you have heard so much of, and who was dressed in a cutaway grey frieze coat, corduroy breeches, and worsted stockings and knee-buckles, was a dancing-master from Carlow; and his fair partner, with the short home-spun petticoat, was a bar-maid from an inn in Athy, who appeared, by particular desire, in that garb for the first time in her life, and for that day only."

"Any one for Magency?" roared the guard.

"I am" responded the grazier; and my "fat friend" vanished.

The honesty of Irish magnates and of the Irish clergy is seriously impugned. The sad history of Skibbereen in 1846 is given in a new aspect, and Mr. TRAVERS does not hesitate to name those who seem to have misapplied the relief funds entrusted to their management.

I have been making some inquiries as to the manner and amount of the relief afforded to the distressed population of this town and neighbourhood during the memorable famine of 1846-7. Here, perhaps more than in any other part of the kingdom, the potato blight was felt. Skibbereen owed its chief consequence to the health and abundance of that esculent; and, of course, when it failed, the privations of the people were proportionately severe. Potatoes were the principal crop reared by the farmers—potatoes created the middle-man—potatoes paid the rack-rent, and helped the heartless landlord to indulge his passions. When the root failed, therefore, the whole fabric built upon it tumbled to pieces, and the civilized world rang with the woes of Skibbereen and the neighbouring village of Schull. And the civilized world was not deaf to the cry of agony. Contributions from every point of the compass, in money and food, from Turk and Christian, from Jew and Gentile, Gael and Saxon, poured in to mitigate the horrors of famine. At one time it was feared that humanity would give up in despair the task of saving Skibbereen. Money sent to it seemed like oil thrown on a fire to extinguish it. It was a vortex that swallowed up everything. Thousands were squandered; and, if venerable divines and letter-writing philanthropists were to be believed, the people perished nevertheless. It has been calculated that as much money and food was sent to Skibbereen from charitable bodies as should have fed and clothed the entire population for a twelvemonth. Far be it from me to insinuate that any one rivalled the licentiate in *Gil Blas*, who made

himself rich by taking care of the poor, and turned to his own use the donations intrusted to him to prevent his fellow-creatures dying of the worst death known to human nature. Still some explanation is necessary, or, perhaps, in future, should Providence ever visit this country with new horrors, the fountain of charity in many a bosom will be sealed up by doubt and suspicion. The money and food disbursed by the Relief Committee were duly accounted for, because the Government, which contributed pound for pound, insisted upon the production of a clear statement. Every penny expended by the Society of Friends was also made patent to the public. But others have not been equally explicit. The Reverend Mr. Townsend, Protestant Rector, was an indefatigable collector of money and provisions, and was eminently successful, owing to the touching appeals he made through the public journals; yet I am told that he has given no Dr. and Cr. accounts of his benevolent services. Some apparently well-informed persons roughly estimated the amount of money, &c., received by the reverend gentleman as not less than 14,000*l.*—but this, I think, must be an exaggeration—and said that the value of his devotion and sacrifices would be greatly enhanced by a full revelation.\* It is all very well, they said, in distributing your own goods, to follow the Scriptural injunction, and not let your left hand know what your right hand doeth; but the rule, they think, does not hold when you are dispensing the donations of other people. The Catholic clergy—whose duties during the crisis must have been of the most awful kind—also received great means, in cash and necessities; but they avow the utmost eagerness to "render an account of their stewardship." Indeed, publicity, one cannot help concluding, would answer every good purpose.

Mr. TRAVERS traces many evils to the Poor Law. The system of workhouses he believes to be bad in itself, and to be also very much abused by Poor Law officers. His account of Clonakilty is minute, but it has novelty.

The drive from Old Bandon to Clonakilty presents nothing of very thrilling interest to the traveller. The road is frequently hilly—the land on either side of an inferior character, and much neglected, well-cultivated spots being "few and far between." Proceed for miles before meeting a human being, and then it is not "the face of man that brightens man," but the face of a beggar. Pass numerous cabins unroofed. Where are the once joyous people who encircled these desolate hearths? Alas! in the Clonakilty workhouse, or "down among the dead men" in that plethoric churchyard of Ballymackeen. How wretched is the aspect of the houses that are still occupied! Former tourists found ample food for commentary in the semi-barbarous custom, that preferred allowing the smoke to issue from the door or window, instead of a chimney. The change is not for the better; for if you entered one of these cabins you would not find "a spark of fire" in it. Another remark cannot now fail to be made by the close observer. In former years, who does not remember how the sound of a vehicle brought a pack of mongrel dogs from every hamlet, that barked most pertinaciously at the wheels, threatened to worry the horse, and, by every means in their power, vented their displeasure on the travellers, for no good reason that I ever heard, except that they were animated by the spirit of Irish hospitality, and annoyed at the strangers passing their houses without dropping in? Be this as it may, we now explore the rural districts of Munster, and no canine salutation causes our horse to cock his ear, or the driver, by a skilful management of his whipcord, to send the cur yelping, with pendant tail, back to his ditch. The reason for this circumstance, which to a superficial person, may appear trivial, is pregnant, with horrors:—when men perish for lack of food, there is no subsistence for dogs, and so the race was all but extinguished during the famine of 1846-7. Clonakilty is not a place that, to use a modern "fast" saying, "one would borrow money to spend in." It is the property of Richard Boyle, Earl of Shannon, and is as dirty and dilapidated an aggregate of streets, as could be seen in a month's march; indeed, if that nobleman's great progenitor and namesake, Richard Boyle, the first Earl of Cork, could come out of his gorgeous tomb in the collegiate church of Youghal, he would wish himself again "quietly inurn'd," after a single glance at the town he took so much pains in founding and getting chartered, upwards of 200 years ago. There is, I believe, a body of Commissioners, who hold office in virtue of the 9th Geo. IV., for cleansing, paving, and lighting, but, in true Irish fashion, the streets are kept so filthy, that it is a pity the sea is not permitted to make a gentle and purifying detour through them every morning; the flags in front of the houses are almost

\* Since my visit to Skibbereen, the reverend gentleman has been called to his final audit, before a tribunal which demands a full account of every act done in the body, whether it be good or bad.

broken, and fraught with danger to the unwary pedestrian, who, unlike the practised local resident, knows not where to leap, or where to tread with safety; as for the lighting, it is *lucus a non lucendo*; and if the conservators of the place levy any contributions for the performance of duties in this respect, it is, as clear as noon-day, a case of raising money under false pretences. Clonakilty derives its name from the bay of that ilk, at the head of which it is situated. The marine importance of the place, however, is inconsiderable, owing to the mouth of the harbour being full of sand. Small sloops which found access here were formerly employed by the traders in conveying potatoes to Cork and Dublin; but since the decay of the national esculent, the vessels have been turned to a different purpose, for the humane landlords and poor law guardians of this union have chartered them to carry their paupers to Wales and England, under circumstances which I have slightly noticed when passing through Youghal.

Irish railway directors have been even more rash in erecting fine buildings, than were the earlier managers of English Companies. The Great Southern and Western Railway Company swallowed up a great portion of its capital in building useless palaces. The description of "the terminus," is effective and complete:

The terminus of the Great Southern and Western Railway Company, at King's Bridge, is a stupendous illustration of the contrast we so often observe in Irish "enterprises of great pith and moment" between splendid beginnings and indifferent results. The huge architectural pile—beautiful in its design, and constructed with a lavish waste of the Californian ore, that reminds us of the building of Solomon's Temple—seems, with its endless succession of offices, stores, vaults, and warehouses, to offer accommodation for the entire traffic of Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Glasgow. Everything—from the luxuriously appointed board-room of the directors, with its morocco-covered loungers and gorgeous carpet, in which your feet sink as on a bed of moss, down to the fire-shovel with which the begrimed stoker feeds his slave the steam-engine—is of the most costly and substantial quality. While the reflecting stranger contemplates all these things, which are usually "the outward and visible signs" of long established prosperity and permanent wealth, he cannot help thinking, that, in a country like this, which is proverbially poor, and, in the opinion of many, not ripe for railway communication, if much of the money which had been squandered in superfluous buildings, or in the unnecessary adornment of works of utility, had been devoted to purposes of practical advantage—such as the establishment of manufactures along the line, which would have fed the traffic returns—the condition of the shareholders would not be so deplorable as it is now represented. The site chosen for the erection of the magnificent terminus seems to have been unhappily selected for the uses of the railway, as a formidable hill has to be surmounted by the train immediately after it starts. Practical engineers assert, that had the spirit of jobbing not governed the counsels of the directors, much more favourable gradients could have been obtained, by adopting as the locale of the terminus, a position nearer to St. James's Gate, which might have been procured at a comparatively moderate expense, as it only involved the purchase of a ruined street and some dilapidated tenements. Had this been done, the ludicrous scene which is of daily occurrence on the line would not be presented. As the string of carriages, in one of which I was placed, toiled up the hill, at the rate of about a mile per hour, I had the curiosity to put my head out of the window, when I certainly was amused by an exhibition which is a remarkable feature in travelling by steam in the middle of the nineteenth century. Two porters, armed with huge mops, preceded the snorting engine, and diligently scoured the rails,—reminding one of the Scotch game of curling, in which the sportsman with his brush industriously sweeps away all the obstacles on the ice, and coaxes as it were the stone to a further advance. It was laughable to remark the sang froid with which the railway precursors flourished their mops, cleared away the dust from the rails, and then sat down to await the approach of the train, not to be cut into pieces, but to quietly get up and recommence the application of their smoothing process. As the carriages finally topped the hill, they contemplated them with a self-complacent "we-alone-did-it" sort of look, that seemed to demand the gratitude of all the passengers for having been enabled by their exertions to overcome the formidable engineering difficulty.

We take leave of Mr. STARR's volume, recommending the reader to it for useful facts and novel revelations. Though Mr. STARR cannot claim the distinction of being a deep thinker or an acute reasoner, he is, what we

sometimes very much prefer to either—a close observer of outward life.

*The Bards of the Bible.* By GEORGE GILFILLAN. Edinburgh: Hogg. London: Groombridge and Sons.

THIS work, according to the preface, "does not profess to be an elaborate or full account of the mechanical structure of Hebrew poetry, nor a work of minute and verbal criticism." On the contrary, "while meant to develop indirectly a subsidiary argument for the truth and divinity of the Bible, its main ambition is to be a prose poem, or hymn, in honour of the poetry and poets of the inspired volume, although, as the reader will perceive, he has occasionally diverged into the analysis of scripture characters, and more rarely into cognate fields of literature or of speculation." And again, in the introduction, Mr. GILFILLAN informs us: "it is of the Bible, not as a revelation of special, but as a poem embodying general truth, that we propose in the following work to speak." It is, therefore, not so much as a criticism, but as a poetical panegyric that we are to deal with this book. Mr. GILFILLAN appears to us to have many qualifications for the labour he has undertaken, and this the chief, viz., that the labour has been a labour of love. He possesses also a large share of veneration, a strong feeling of the sublime, both natural and moral, considerable candour, and much good sense, a grand desideratum in a poet, as it is in every one who would fill well any part in life, the greatest as well as the meanest. By good sense, of course we do not mean that shallow acuteness in the common affairs of life, which frequently usurps the name, but that breadth of understanding and soundness of judgment which can dispassionately view all sides of a question, and while taking cognizance of the small as well as the great, knows truly how to distinguish between them. Many men of talent have been deficient in this invaluable quality; but it has always been conspicuous, or at least a large ingredient, in the character of genius of the first class. It is, indeed, more than an ingredient: it is the only safe substratum, whereon all other gifts may rest. Humanly speaking, we may call it the guiding principle for all other gifts and talents. A small share of it may suffice to conduct a man of inferior mental abilities in safety through the world; but the man of great talents requires a double and a treble portion. The more numerous and the more splendid his other gifts, the more of this one does he require to guide them. Without sense, the most brilliant genius is but the wild and wandering fire of the comet, and not the calm and steady lustre of the star, an abiding light in the firmament of mind. But we have been led into a digression. To return to Mr. GILFILLAN: Although endowed with the various qualifications we have named, although possessing this calm sense in due proportion to his talents, he has not, we think, as a whole, a mind commensurate with the task he has undertaken. But it is in truth a task which, to execute in an adequate manner, would have required the concentration of all the powers of an intellectual giant. Mr. GILFILLAN is right when he says: "every criticism on a true poem should be itself a poem." It ought also in some degree to be a poem in its own style, approaching in truth, beauty, and sublimity to that upon which it is a commentary. This Mr. GILFILLAN's is not. It is immeasurably removed in grandeur, in loveliness, in pathos, from the poetry of the book it treats of. So much are we compelled, by truth, ungraciously to say. We now gladly turn to its merits, for it possesses many, notwithstanding its general shortcoming. And first, let us give Mr. GILFILLAN our hearty thanks for the *idea* of the work, for having acted as pioneer in a path where we hope to see him followed by the literary research and criticism, as well as the poetic spirit, of the age.

The spirit in which the work is written is commendable throughout, reverent as regards things divine, liberal as regards things human. It contains many really fine poetical passages (though these are occasionally deformed by a substitution of words for ideas), some sound criticism, and much kind and genial feeling. Although falling far short of our ideal of such a work, we have perused it with both profit and interest, and can cordially recommend it to our readers. As concerns the improvement both of the heart and the mind, it is worth dozens of so-called religious works, many of which seem to have reached the lowest attainable point in the scale of literary merit. Mr. GILFILLAN has aimed at the sublime. He has succeeded in attaining to some truth and some beauty. We shall now, for the benefit of our readers, transcribe a few passages, such as we think may best exhibit the style and tone of the work. Our first extract is an answer to the question, "What, then is in the Bible?" Mr. GILFILLAN having first described it negatively, goes on to characterise it affirmatively:

What, then, is the Bible? It is, as a history, the narrative of a multitude of miraculous facts, which scepticism has often challenged, but never disproved, and which, to say the least, must now remain unsolved phenomena—the *ærolites* of history—speaking like these from the sky of an unearthly region. The narrative, too, of a life (that of Jesus), at once ideally perfect, and trembling all over with humanity; really spent under the sun, and yet lit along its every step and suffering by a light above it—a life which has since become the measure of all other lives—the standard of human and of absolute perfection—the ideal at once of man and of God. As a poem, moral and didactic, it is a repository of divine instincts—a collection of the deepest intuitions of truth, beauty, justice, holiness—the past, the present, the future, which, by their far vision, the power by which they have stamped themselves on the belief and the heart; the hopes and fears; the days and nights of humanity; their superiority to aught else in the thoughts or words of men; their consistency within themselves; their adaptation to general needs; their cheering influence; their progressive development; and their close-drawn connexion with those marvellous and unshaken facts, are proved DIVINE, in a sense altogether peculiar and alone.

Mr. GILFILLAN thus describes and analyzes, as one of the most conspicuous of the general characteristics of the Hebrew poets, that unconsciousness which CARLYLE considers so important an element in all greatness, and the want of which, if we may speak of the *want* of a negative, he regards as one of the chief barriers to greatness in what he terms this "self-listening age." And might not this very passage afford another proof of that very "consciousness" of which our modern prophet, for prophet he is in one sense of the term, complains:

Unconsciousness we hold to be the highest style of simplicity and of genius. It has been said, indeed, by a high authority (the late John Sterling), that men of genius are conscious, not of what is peculiar in the individual, but of what is universal in the race; of what characterises not a man, but Man: not of their own individual genius, but of God, as moving within their minds. Yet what in reality is this, but the unconsciousness for which we would contend? When we say that men of genius, in their highest moods, are unconscious, we mean, not that these men become mere tubes, through which a foreign influence descends, but that certain lofty emotions or ideas so fill and possess them, as to produce temporary forgetfulness of themselves, except as the passive instruments of the feeling or the thought. It is true that, afterwards, self may suggest the reflection: "the fact that we have been selected to receive and convey such melodies, proves our breadth and fitness; it is from the oak, not the reed, that the wind elicits its deepest music." But, in the first place, this thought never takes place at the same time with the true afflatus, and is almost inconsistent with its presence \* \* \* Thus, all gifted spirits do best when they "know not what they do." The boy Tell

Was great, nor knew how great he was.

But if this be true of men of genius, it is still more characteristic of the Bards of the Bible; for they possess perfect passive reception in the moment of their utterance, and have given no symptoms of that after self-satisfaction which it were hard to call, and harder to distinguish, from literary vanity. The head reels at the thought of Isaiah weighing his "burdens" over against the odes of Deborah

or of David; or of Ezekiel measuring his intellectual nature with that of Daniel. Like many coming rivers, of different bulks and channels, but descending from one chain of mountains, swollen by one rain, and meeting in one valley, do those mighty prophets lift up their unequal, miraculous, unconscious, but harmonious and heaven-seeking voices.

Mr. GILFILLAN has, evidently, drunk deeply at the well of CARLYLE, as well as at that of scripture; for, though a man of too good natural parts to be a mere servile imitator, many of his ideas are (perhaps unconsciously) impregnated with a flavour of the mind of that author, and his language, in a measure, tinged by the earlier and better style of the latter.

The author concludes his chapter on the "General Characteristics," by the following declamation on the most characteristic of them all:

The Hebrew poet was nothing if not sacred. To him the poetical and the religious were almost the same. Song was the form instinctively assumed by all the higher moods of his worship. He was not surprised into religious emotion and poetry by the influence of circumstances, not stung into it by the pressure of remorse. He was not religious only when the organ was playing, nor most so—like Burns and Byron—on a smoking day. Religion was with him a habitual feeling, and, from the joy or the agony of that feeling, poetry broke out irrepressibly. To him, the question "Are you in a religious mood to-day?" had been as absurd as "Are you alive to-day?" for all his moods, whether high as Heaven or low as Hell—whether wretched as the penitence of David, or triumphant as the rapture of Isaiah, was tinged with the religious element. From God he sank, or up to him he soared. The grand theocracy around which all the soul and all the song of the bard. Wherever he stood—under the silent starry canopy, or in the congregation of the faithful,—musing in solitary spots, or smiling, rather high, his rebounding hand, the loud cymbal—his feeling was "How dreadful is this place! This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." In him, surrounded by sacred influences, haunted by sacred recollections, moving through a holy land, and overhung by a heavenly presence, religion became a passion, a patriotism, and a poetry. Hence the sacred song of the Hebrews stands alone; and hence we may draw the deduction, that its equal we shall never see again, until again religion enshrines the earth with an atmosphere, as it then enshrined Palestine—till poets are the organs, not only of their personal belief, but of the general sentiment around them, and have become but the high priests in a vast sanctuary, where all shall be worshippers, because all is felt to be divine. How this high and solemn reference to the Supreme Intelligence and Great Whole comes forth in all the varied forms of Hebrew poetry! Is it the pastoral?—the Lord is the shepherd. Is it elegy?—it bewails his absence. Is it ode?—it cries aloud for his return, or shouts his praise. Is it the historical ballad?—it recounts his deeds. Is it the penitential psalm?—its climax is "Against Thee only have I sinned." Is it the didactic poem?—running down through the world like a scythed chariot, and hewing down before it all things as vanity, it clears the way to the final conclusion, "Fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man." Is it a "burden, tossed as from a midnight mountain by the hand of the lonely seer towards the land of Egypt and Babylon?—it is the burden of the Lord; is the hand of devouring fire flung by the fierce prophet. Is it apologue or emblem?—God's meaning lies in the hollow of the parable; God's eye glares the "terrible crystal" over the rushing wheels. Even the low canticle seems to rise above itself, and behold a greater than Solomon, and a fairer than his Egyptian spouse are here. Thus, from their poetry, as from a thousand mirrors, flashes back the one awful face of their God.

Our next extract is the opening passage on the poetry of the Book of Job, certainly the most sublime poetry that ever was written:

Be the author of the book of Job who he may, he was not Moses. Nothing can be more unlike the curt and bare simplicity of Moses' style, than the broad-blown magnificence of Job. It is like one severe feather, compared to the outspread wings of an eagle. Moses had seen many countries and many men, had studied many sciences, and passed through numerous adventures, which tamed, yet strung his spirit. The author of Job is a contemplative enthusiast, who, the greater part of his life, had been girt in by the rocks of his country; and who, from glowing sand below, and glittering crag around, and torrid sky above, had clothed his spirit and his language with a barbaric splendour



He is a prince, but a prince throned in a wilderness; a sage, but his wisdom had been taught him in the library of the everlasting hills; a poet, but his song is untangled and unmodified by art or learning, as that in which the nightingale hails the hush of evening. The geography of the land of Job is a commentary on its poetry. Conceive a land lorded over by the sun, when lightning, rushing in, like an angry painter, did not dash his wild colours across the landscape. A land ever in extremes—now dried up as in a furnace, now swimming with level waters—its sky the brightest or blackest of heavens—desolate crags rising above rank vegetation—beauty adorning the brow of barrenness—shaggy and thunder-split hills surrounding narrow valleys and water courses; a land for a great part bare in the wrath of nature, when not swaddled in sudden tempest and whirlwind; a land of lions and wild-goats, and wild asses and ostriches, and hawks stretching towards the south, and horses clothed with thunder, and eagles making their nests on high; a land through whose transparent air night looked down in all her queen-like majesty, all her most lustrous ornaments on—the south, blazing through all its chambers as with solid gold—the north, glorious with Arcturus and his sons—the zenith crowning the heavens with a diadem of white, and blue, and purple (?) stars. Such the land in which this author lived, such the sky he saw; and can we wonder that poetry dropped on him and from him, like rain from a thick tree; and that grandeur—a grandeur almost disdaining beauty, preferring firmaments to flowers, making its garlands of the whirlwind—became his very soul. The book of Job shows a mind smit with a passion for nature in her simplest, most solitary, and elementary forms—gazing perpetually at the great shapes of the material universe, and reproducing to us the infant infinite wonder with which the first inhabitants of the world must have seen their first sunrise, their first thunderstorm, their first moon beaming, their first midnight heavens, expanding like an arch of triumph over their happy heads. One object of the book is to prophecy of nature—to declare its testimony to the Most High—to write the leaves of its trees; the wings of its fowls; the eyes of its stars, in one act of adoration to Jehovah. August undertaking, and meet for our research in the closet, anointed with the dew of Heaven, and by God himself inspired.

It seems to us that the above passage is eminently characteristic alike of Mr. GILLAN's merits and defects. We shall conclude our extracts from the Old Testament division of the book, by a sketch of the more prominent mental lineaments of "the divine ISAIAH, 'the mighty orb of song.'"

He was a prince amongst a generation of princes—a Titan among a tribe of Titans; and of all the prophets who rose on aspiring pinion to meet the Sun of Righteousness, it was his—the Evangelical Eagle—to mount highest, and to catch on his wing the richest anticipation of his rising. It was his, too, to pierce most clearly down into the abyss of the future, and become an eye-witness of the great events which were in its womb enclosed. He is the most eloquent, the most dramatic, the most poetic—in one word, the most complete, of the Bards of Israel. He has not the bearded majesty of Moses—the gorgeous natural description of Job—Ezekiel's rough and rapid vehemence, like a real torrent from the hills seeking the Lake of Galilee in the day of storm—David's high gusts of lyric enthusiasm, dying away into the low wailings of penitential sorrow—Daniel's awful allegory—John's potent and enthroned thunders; his power is solemn, sustained—at once measured and powerful; his step moves gracefully, at the same time that it shakes the wilderness. His imagery, it is curious to notice, amidst all its profusion, is seldom snatched from the upper regions of the Etherial—from the terrible crystal, or the storms of fire—from the winged cherubim or the eyed wheels—from the waves of the glassy sea, or the blanched locks of the Ancient of Days; but from lower though lofty objects—from the glory of Lebanon, the excellency of Sharon, the waving forests of Carmel, the willows of Keebron, the flocks of Kedar, and the reems of Nebaiotte.

*The Scale of Medicines with which Merchant Vessels are to be furnished.* By T. SPENCER WELLS, Surgeon, Royal Navy. London: Orr and Co.

THE Mercantile Marine Act of last session prescribes that all merchant vessels shall be supplied with a stock of medicines, according to a scale to be framed by the Board of Trade.

That has been issued, and Mr. WELLS republishes it in the volume upon our desk, introducing it with some extremely useful and practical observations, on the means of preserving the health and increasing the comforts of merchant seamen; with directions for the proper use of the medicines, and for the treatment of various accidents and diseases. This is done in popular language, in-

telligible to non-professional persons. Wood-cut illustrations make its descriptions to be still more readily comprehended. As every merchant ship must be furnished with the scale and the medicines, this volume should, in all cases, accompany them, for it will teach the captain and the crew how to avail themselves of the protection which the Legislature has so considerately provided for them: indeed a ship will not be fitted out without having on board one or more copies of Mr. WELLS's valuable instructions.

*A Compendium of English Literature, chronologically arranged, from Sir John Mandeville to William Cowper.* By CHARLES D. CLEVELAND. London: Gilpin, 1850.

THIS compact volume will be an excellent study for those who desire to acquaint themselves with the authors of their country; it forms, in fact, a history of English literature, taught, too, in the most efficient manner by biographical notices of the authors and specimens of their composition, culled with very good taste by the editor. Ranging over so large a period of time, and so vast an array of genius, the memoirs are necessarily short, and the extracts few, but they present the principal incidents in the history of each author, and a concise but nicely critical comment upon his peculiarities of style, or the characteristics of his genius. Not only is this volume a valuable addition to the library; it might be usefully used as a reading book in schools. It would, indeed, be very desirable for children to make acquaintance with the works of the great writers of their country, at the same time that they are learning the art of reading. It is a thousand-fold better than the old *Speaker*, and other books, which were imposed upon us in our young days.

*A Treatise on British Mining, with a Digest of the Cost Book System, Stannary and General Mining Laws.* By THOMAS BARTLETT. London: E. Wilson.

Mining is the speculative mania of the day. The cost book system, understood by few, is that which regulates the business and its liabilities. The many persons interested in these adventures will welcome Mr. BARTLETT's timely volume, which gives to them in plain, untechnical language, a clear account of the peculiar law by which their enterprise is regulated.

Mr. BARTLETT adds to this some particulars as to the working of mines, so that it possesses more claims than one to the notice of those who are interested in them. It is a work that reflects great credit upon the skill and information of the author.

*The Lady's Keepsake; or, Treasures of the Needle.* London: Darton and Co.

AN Annual for the ladies, certainly far more useful and acceptable to them than the unsatisfactory volumes which used to issue under that title. Here they will find a full, true and particular account of every kind of needlework and embroidery, minutely described, so that the instructions, as we are assured by a fair friend, who has a mania for this amusement and who has tried and found this volume a treasure, may be followed by "the meanest capacity." But to make them the more intelligible there are an infinite number of coloured engravings, which show to the eye what, perhaps, it would be difficult to convey in words.

*Gleanings for the New Year.* By EDMUND NUGENT, Esq. London: Hatchard.

A VERY thin volume of poetry and prose, the former graceful, showing an elegant mind, and a cultivated taste; the latter displaying considerable power, which might be turned to better account. It will doubtless be an acceptable present to the author's family and friends.

## MUSIC.

### NEW MUSIC.

*Scene de Ballet. Fantaisie pour le Piano,* par JACQUES BLUMENTHAL. London: Cramer and Co.

*Nocturne Improromptu, pour le Piano,* par JACQUES BLUMENTHAL. Cramer and Co.

Two compositions in what is termed the brilliant style, to which, albeit the fashion now, we must confess a critical hostility. But composers must take the world as they find it, and publish such works as please the prevailing taste, unless they are sufficiently distinguished to lead the fashion, or wealthy enough to despise it. M. BLUMENTHAL is probably not of the latter class, and therefore we must judge him by the success with which he has accomplished his design, which was to supply to those who look upon the triumph over difficulties as the summit of art, with an exercise for their skill,

which should put it to the test. Thus reviewed, these compositions are very masterly, and the results are more pleasing even to the general ear than music of the same class is wont to be. We can recommend both to young lady players, who desire to make a sensation in the drawing-room by brilliant execution.

*Three German Songs, with English Words,* by HUBERT ENGELS. London: Cocks and Co.

VERY sweet, thoroughly German, and therefore depending for their effect upon expression. Upon the lips of a singer who does not feel, they would sound tame and meaningless; but sung with the proper emotion thrown into the tones, as all lyrics should be, they will win the most careless company to listen, and please even those whom mere music fails to attract. The *Farewell to Home* (No. 2), thus performed, will draw tears from eyes not wont to weep.

*The Rose-bud Polka for 1851, dedicated by permission to the Right Hon. Viscountess Palmerston,* by the composer, SARAH OLIVIA SPURGE. Cramer, Beale, and Co.

THIS is one of the prettiest Polkas we have heard for a long time. It is extremely spirited, and the time is well marked for dancing. We understand it to be the first production of a very young composer; if so, she possesses much musical talent, and we shall gladly welcome her next composition.

## Musical and Dramatic Chit Chat.

M. AUER is busily engaged on his new opera for Mlle. Alboni.—Miss L. Pyne is still in England, circumstances having occurred to prevent her fulfilling her engagement at Vienna.—In compliance with the wishes of the subscribers to the *Monthly Concerts* at St. Martin's Hall, M. Gounod's music will be repeated in the course of the present series.—Mrs. Barrow (late Miss Julia Bennett) who previous to her marriage was for several seasons one of the chief attractions at the Haymarket Theatre, sails to-day with her husband for New York, with the intention of resuming her professional avocations.—The editor of *The Springfield Republican*, who has been to hear Jenny Lind, tells the following:—"When Jenny Lind first appeared at the Lades' Ordinary, at the Irving, she had no comb in her hair, while every other lady wore a comb. The next day she said she wished to dress like American ladies, and went to dinner with a comb in her head. On glancing up and down the table, not a comb was to be seen."—The late Mr. Osbaldiston, manager of the Victoria Theatre, has not died so wealthy as was generally anticipated. The personal property, it is understood, will be sworn under 4000*l.* The lease of the Victoria Theatre, with all the paraphernalia, he has bequeathed to Miss Vincent, who is also left sole executrix and residuary legatee. To Mrs. Osbaldiston and her two daughters, he has bequeathed a policy of assurance for 1000*l.*, and about 160*l.* in money. It is said that his wife had previously received an allowance of 300*l.* per annum. The furniture, plate, carriage, &c., at his villa, at West Brixton, he has left to Miss Vincent, with whom resides Miss Beatrice Osbaldiston.—Madlle Carolina Duprez, the daughter of the celebrated French tenor, made her *début* last week at the Italian Opera, in Paris, in the part of *Lucia*. Her success was almost without parallel, and at the conclusion of the opera she was three times called forward amidst a storm of applause. It is stated that though only between seventeen and eighteen years of age, so dramatic and at the same time so finished a singer has not been heard at the Italiens since the days of Malibran. Her voice is a high soprano of extraordinary extent. It is rumoured that M. Duprez is going to sing the part of *Don Giovanni*. For this he has ample tenor precedent.—M. Garcia and Signor Donzelli having both been most successful in the part.—M. Ivanhoff has given up his engagement with Mr. Lumley, and will shortly be replaced at the Italian Opera by Mr. Simms Reeves.

## ART JOURNAL.

### NEW ENGRAVINGS.

*The Villa of Lucullus at Misenum.* By W. L. LEITCH. Published for the London Art Union.

THIS is by far the most interesting and the most beautiful of the engravings yet presented to their subscribers by the Art Union.

Their previous offerings have been singularly unsuccessful; not from want of genius in the artists, nor from absence of skill in the engravers; nor from selecting an inferior class of pictures for engraving but simply because the Committee have wanted discretion in their choice. They appear to have forgotten

that it is not every good picture that makes a good engraving: that to select for the *burin* it is necessary to call in the imagination to correct the eye, and, throwing aside colour to represent to the fancy what the picture would be if it were only in black and white. Omitting to do this, the Committee of the Art Union have usually preferred for their engravings pictures that were popular and beautiful, as such, but which did not bear translation into another dye. Whether they have been taught by experience, or if it be only a happy accident, we know not, but certain it is, that in the engraving just published they have been as successful as formerly they were unfortunate. Mr. LEITCH'S *Villa of Lucullus*, although not in itself a great picture, has supplied to them a first-rate subject for engraving. The composition is delicious—a scene over which the eye is never wearied of wandering—lake, mountain, wood, stretching out into long vistas of loveliness, in which the fancy loses itself, and suggests much more than it sees. Here and there are scattered classical buildings, that give an air of civilized refinement even to the charms of nature, and call up a thousand associations of the times in which they flourished, in all the freshness of youth. Far away the sea shines, reflecting the clear sky—which is real sky, not the absence of tint, but the presence of transparency, and the graver has succeeded even in bathing the entire landscape in a soft sunny atmosphere, through which we behold the wondrous group of picturesque objects he has presented to the eye. This is the true triumph of art, and will give both to painter and engraver a fame which, if they continue to deserve by like works of genius, will speedily place them at the summits of their respective professions.

#### THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS AND SKETCHES, AT MR. GRUNDY'S, 130, REGENT-STREET.

THIS exhibition partakes much of the character of that at the rooms of the Old Water Colour Society, noticed in the last number of THE CRITIC, it consists of 289 works of various excellence: the most striking it is proposed to comment upon.

There are some pictures in oil to be remarked before entering upon this, that claim especial attention. First of all, is one of TURNER'S: *A View in the Highlands of Scotland*, painted about thirty years back. It preserves all the freshness of the original colour—all its force—all the truth, which makes the artist the first landscape painter of the world. A view in the Trossachs, to one who has not visited the spot, will suggest the grandeur, the sublimity, the immense variety of the locality, and, what is most interesting to the observer of pictures, the wonderful skill of the artist, an early work of whom is a discovery to the public of many excellences unobserved and unnoticed from long custom. The sky, with its great, grey, hanging clouds, seems to brood over the pass, mixing with the mountain tops, and descending slowly to the valleys; streams race from the hills, breaking only the silence and desolation around. The water tints are the most marvellous ever conceived. On the whole, perhaps, there is no work of the artist that more deserves a place in the National Gallery than this—where we should rejoice to see it. It is the property of Mr. Grundy, painted originally for the artist's friend, Mr. Thomson, of Duddingston.

There is also to be noticed among the works in oil, two paintings by the younger DANNY, exhibiting all his best qualities. That clear, grey daylight, and those astonishingly beautiful water tints, which are always present in his works. *Elinori*, sketch for the *Griselda* of last year; and a small edition of ANSDALL'S *Battle for the Standard*. Many studies from the made by Etty; and one other, No. 252, by T. H. MAGUIRE, to which we shall refer hereafter.

No. 1. *On the Thames, near Maidenhead*, by G. A. FRIPP. There are qualities about this which are seldom to be found in Mr. FRIPP'S works; it is obviously a study possessing great feeling and force, without vulgarity. Some of the trees are admirable for colour and knowledge. The sky being somewhat spotty, injures it as a whole, especially in the distance, which is excellently painted.

2. *The Murder of King Duncan*, by G. CATTERMOLLE. This suggests more the getting into bed of a passionate man, than any other murdering of sleep. Mr. CATTERMOLLE'S sketches here are far too sketchy: there is in this one a curtain suggested, but not perceptible.

3. *Landscape, with Figures*, by D. COX. Not by any means worthy of the artist's name; it appears to have been dipped in ink.

9. 17. 24. G. CATTERMOLLE. There is great vigour and dramatic quality in these; pity it should verge upon the melo-drame.

13. 39. *The Dance. Sintram entertaining his Ancestors*; by the same. Here are more qualities to admire than in the previous. In *The Dance*, there are good points of design, although that which is spirited approaches to violence. In the latter sketch there is much interest. These, as well as the former, have more of mannerism than is desirable; for where it is visible in such early steps of the work, it looks like a radical defect.

21. *Chapel of St. Dymphna, Ghent*, by LOUIS

HAGHE. What shall be said of a drawing by LOUIS HAGHE save that it is excellent?

30. *The Heart's Misgivings*, by F. STONE. Those who saw the pictures of which we presume this to be the sketch, will not require to be told that, if possible, it exhibits more utter inanity. As to what the young lady's misgivings refer, it is difficult to discover, unless it be the genuineness of the young gentleman's moustache, which appears to be more than doubtful.

43. LOUIS HAGHE. *Part of the glorious Choir at Antwerp*.

46. *Fire-place in Drawing-room at Speke, Lancashire*. This we presume to be one of the sketches made for the *Mansion*; it is admirable.

59. *View in North Wales—Trout Fishing*, by C. PEARSON. Possesses a great effect of nature; though, perhaps, the water shadows are over hot. The trees above are exquisite.

62. *Arundel Castle*, by J. M. W. TURNER, R. A. TURNER'S famous *Sketch of Arundel Castle*. The sky almost a miracle: purple grey, brooding over a flood of light, and clear, bright bits of blue just visible.

64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, by D. MACLISE, R. A. A grand affectation of fine drawing in these sketches which does not sustain a close examination; there is much that is common-place in design, as in 65, where a piece of Flaxmanic drapery, an upraised head after WESTMACOTT, with a sculptural (as distinguished from natural body), an attenuated Sistine Chapel, uncomfortable book-bearer, a boy, fortunately reduced to the least possible weight in consideration of an awkward position on a door step, with an ordinary weeper, "torch reversed," constitute a design to

"While history's muse the memorial was keeping  
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,  
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping!"—

67 appears to be a supposed Irish Proserpine.

78. *Bindweed*, by Mrs. HARRISON, contains much truth and free natural elegance, with great transparency of tone.

88. *A Stream in North Wales*. By W. BENNETT, has some water capably painted: the trees and sky are excellent.

97. *A Bird's Nest and Flowers*. On looking at the catalogue, we were surprised to find the name of HUNT to this work; it must be a very early one (dated 1828); the colour very false, particularly the table, which is dirty in tone. As a whole, it wants the delicacy we always look for in the artist's works.

96. 98. 100. 174, by Mr. FROST, appears to imagine that Heaven, Hell, Elysium, the Antediluvian World, and the Fairy-land of Spencer, to be the same place, so seeks no further individuality or distinction than is to be made by substituting a red kirtle for a green one, or vice versa, and placing black trees where he previously placed yellow trees.

103. *Levoni*, by ARY SCHEFFER. Full of character and incident; a most admirable design.

111. *A Mill Stream*, by G. CATTERMOLLE. A beautiful sketch from nature.

127, 128. *Morecumbe Bay*. Paulton, by W. OLIVER, and Mrs. W. OLIVER. Two sketches full of an admirable feeling for broad daylight.

129. *Saragossa*, by J. E. OLDFIELD. Full of broad purple shadow and orange-coloured sunlight, for breadth and solidity such as is seldom met with in water-colour.

132. *Study of Snipes*. By Miss M. S. OAKLEY. Evidently painted from nature by a carefully trained hand.

134. *Flowers*, by V. BARTHOLOMEW. One of the best painted studies from flowers we have ever seen, unites clearness and truth of colour with finish and delicacy.

135. *Clithero, Lancashire*, by Mrs. W. OLIVER. Beautiful, artistic.

158. *Devon Cottages*, by R. REDGRAVE, A. R. A. No praise or expression of admiration will suffice for the real truth, tenderness, and fact exhibited in this drawing by REDGRAVE.

161. *A Study from Nature*, by H. PIDGEON. Admirable.

172, 180. *Green Grapes. A Jug of Flowers*, by Mrs. HARRISON. Grapes and flowers were never better painted in water-colour than these. The grapes and vine-leaves are most exquisite for feeling and perceptive imitation.

175. *Homeleard Bound*, by C. STANFIELD, R. A. One of STANFIELD'S sketches, with an admirable sky, and water painted to perfection.

179. *The Court-yard of the Casa Salvesta, Venice. Lake Priu*. A wonderful delineation of Venetian day, clear and brilliant without gaudiness. The court-yard, with its vine trellises and old floor, a figure descending a flight of steps beneath the vines, through which dart streams of light, form, with the picturesque building and a bright sky, what we always imagine of Venice.

183, 184. Two sketches for pictures by Mr. F. R. PICKERSGILL, A. R. A. These designs, though showing much dramatic power, are not satisfactory, from their extreme mannerism, a fault which spoils the many good qualities the artist possesses.

#### OIL PAINTINGS.

203. *A Sketch from Nature*, by T. WEBSTER, R. A. This, though undoubtedly from nature, is a

marked contrast from No. 158. Although the latter is in what is usually considered the less effective material, here we have great truths and careful study, but so enfeebled that one feels surprised at the comparison; there is throughout a warmth of feeling for shadow-colour, although obviously a broad day effect. The result is poor, and wants decision.

207. *Study of a Sleeping Child*, by J. INSKIP. This is one of the most coarse and vulgar distributions of colour upon canvas we ever saw. The head of the child is an okery mass, without the slightest pretensions to flesh colour, utterly without expression and miserably deficient in drawing. Let us pray Mr. INSKIP to use a model the next study he makes.

234. *Louise and his Dog*, by A. T. EGG, A. R. A. A beautiful sketch of design.

247. *Christ and the Sisters of Bethany*, by F. STONE. Another of Mr. STONE'S paintings, consisting of a heavily-draped figure, bearing what seems a flower-pot in its hand, whose action appears to be that of exhibiting its heel to another, seated, whose draperies (salmon-colour and dirty white) fall as no fabric ever did yet. This last, a waxen complexion personage, with a very nicely curled beard and eyes, so very mild, steadies itself against the wall, while something blue and brown in the foreground seems to justify the use of the plural form in the title.

252. *A Sketch from Nature, with figures introduced*. By F. H. MAGUIRE. Here is a faithful portrait of a wood scene, with what is anything but ordinary, a natural effect of light from nature; it is most powerful. The figures are introduced with great judgement and skill; it would be very interesting to the public, and we think something of a surprise, if a few more of this description of sketches were made and exhibited. The solidity obtained for the figures by this process is most valuable, and an excellent hint to some artists. Mr. MAGUIRE deserves great praise for his boldness.

In addition to what has been noticed, there are many more works in these rooms deserving of high consideration. The Life-studies by ETTY are of great interest. There is an early portrait of Sir E. LANDSEER (by himself); several beautiful sketches by POOLE, and Messrs. STANFIELD, COX, OLIVER, T. S. COOPER, W. HUNT, T. DABY, PROUT, PYNE, KENNEDY, LANCE, EGG, LINNELL, and others, have contributed to the interest of the Exhibition.

It is to be remarked that there are, in addition to this, twenty-four very interesting Photographs, which the artist will study with pleasure.

#### Talk of the Studios.

The executors of Sir M. A. Shee, the late President of the Royal Academy, have determined to dispose of his works by auction. Messrs. Christie and Manson have announced that the sale will take place in the month of March.—Mr. Marshall Claxton has received a commission from Miss Burdett Coutts to paint three large pictures for her church and school-room in Rochester-row, Westminster. The subjects are, "Christ blessing Little Children," "The Sacrifice of Noah," and "The Flight into Egypt."—A likeness of Mr. Macready, in the part of *Werner*, one of his most celebrated impersonations, painted by MacIse, is now exhibited by Mr. Hogarth prior to its being engraved. The picture represents the scene between "Werner and Josephine," where he says:

Who would read in this form?

Who, in this garb, the heir of princely lands?  
Who, in this sunken sickly eye the pride  
Of rank and ancestry?

Mr. Mitchell has just published a couple of very beautiful and characteristic portraits of the late ex-King and the ex-Queen of the French. The artist is M. Edouard Dubuffe, the son, if we mistake not, of David's celebrated pupil. The illustrious originals sat to the painter at Claremont, so that in the case of one of them, at all events, the portrait is the last pictorial memento of a great man which the world will receive. Excellent as a likeness, delicate and finished as a work of art, the portrait before us is touchingly significant of the last event in the life of the original.—The new silver medal just finished by Mr. Wyon, by order of the East India Company, for distribution among their troops who fought on the Sutlej, is a remarkable example of his art. Abandoning the hackneyed field of allegory,—the reverse shows Sikh soldiers laying down their arms before Lord Gough, who, mounted on his charger, appears in front of the British lines. It is a singular piece—full of details of great beauty of execution, in a sort of miniature bas-relief. The obverse presents the profile of Her Majesty, very finely drawn, and wearing the maternal cast which justly represents her present relations.—The picture-gallery in Bridgewater-house is to be completed forthwith, so that the collection may be opened to the public and foreign visitors during the Great Exhibition. As the scaffolding is only now being put up to begin the internal works, efforts will be needed to get it done. We hope other owners of collections and fine mansions will take the hint thus



afforded, and set their houses in order. England has wonderful collections of works of art, but too many of them are sealed.—We learn from *The Art Journal* that the Goethe Inheritance, the collection of objects of art, &c., of the great master, in house at Weimar, is to be disposed of. Its history is involved with that of his writings, furnishing motive and subjects for his books. It consists of a series of about 5,000 medals and coins, of rare interest, of upwards of a hundred specimens of Majolica of the best style and period, of bronzes, terracottas, and carvings in wood and ivory, antique, and of the best Italian and German work, a collection of antique gems purchased by Goethe himself in Italy, upwards of 2,000 prints and engravings, for the most part rare and fine impressions, more than 5,000 original drawings, among them an album of portraits from life, of distinguished men, princes, poets, and artists, who formed the circle of Goethe's friends; and lastly, a collection of minerals, fossils, and objects of natural history of more than 6,000 specimens. A catalogue raisonné of the whole has been published by Fromman, the bookseller at Jena; and is, in itself, so interesting and characteristic of the poet, that it should form a part of the series of his works. The whole property is to be sold at once, and in one lot, for a moderate sum, and those who wish to treat for the purchase are desired to address themselves by letter to the Baron Walther von Goethe, at Vienna.

## DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

### PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS NOW OPEN IN LONDON.

**DRURY LANE**, Brydges street.—Drama. Every night at 7. **HAYMARKET THEATRE**.—Drama; every night, at seven. Prices: boxes, 5s.; second circle, 4s.; pit, 3s.; gallery, 1s.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE**, Oxford street.—Drama; every night, at seven. Prices: first circle, 5s.; second circle, 4s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.

**LYCEUM THEATRE**, Wellington street North, Strand.—Every night at seven. Prices: dress circle, 4s.; upper boxes, 3s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.

**OLYMPIC THEATRE**, Wych street.—Drama; every night, at seven. Prices: boxes, 3s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.

**SURREY THEATRE**, St. George's Circus, Blackfriars road, Drama; every night, at seven. Prices: first circle, 4s.; second circle, 3s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.

**ADELPHI THEATRE**, Strand.—Every night, at seven. Prices: stalls, 5s.; boxes, 4s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.

**SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE**, New River Head.—Drama; every night, at seven. Prices: boxes, 2s.; pit, 1s.; gallery, 6d.

**ASTLEY'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE**, Westminster-bridge Road.—Every night at seven. Prices: boxes, 4s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.; upper gallery, 6d.

**COLOSSEUM**, Regent's park.—Panoramas and varieties. Open from 10½ to 5, and from 7 to 10½: admission 2s.

**BURFORD'S PANORAMA**, Leicester Square.—Day, 10, to dusk. Price: 1s. each.

**DIORAMA**, Regent's Park.—Open from 10, to dusk: admission 2s.

**POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION**, Regent-street North.—Open from 10 to 5, and from 7 till 10: admission 1s.

**PANORAMA OF THE NILE**, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

**PHILLIPS'S LITERARY, VOCAL, AND SCENIC ENTERTAINMENT**, including Dioramas, &c. Daily at 3 and at 8 o'clock. Prices: 1s. and 2s. for reserved seats. (St. Martin's-lane.)

**FREE EXHIBITIONS OF THE INVENTIONS OF THE YEARS 1850-51**. Daily. John-street, Adelphi.

**EXHIBITION OF MODERN BRITISH ART**.—Old Water Colour Society. Daily. Price: 1s.

**THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS AND SKETCHES IN OILS**. Daily. Admission, 1s.

**DIORAMA OF AUSTRALIA**, Western Institution, Leicester-square (west side.)

**DIORAMA OF THE GANGES**, Portland Gallery, 316, Regent-street, Langham-place.

**DRURY-LANE**.—The comedy of *The Old Love and the New* is a decided hit. It also improves upon acquaintance, a very sure test of intrinsic merit. At first, the simplicity of the plot, and the paucity of the characters somewhat offended us, but this was forgotten on the second visit; and then we duly appreciated the skill which has made so much out of such small material; and the excellent acting that has kept half a dozen persons before the audience through five acts without wearying them. It is, however, in strictness of art, not a comedy, but a long farce. The plot is farcical, and so are the incidents, and much of the dialogue. The burden of the piece rests with Mrs. NESBITT, who surpasses herself in a character of extraordinary difficulty. Although constantly upon the stage, her spirit never flags for a moment. She has done more for the part than the author: he has given her an outline which she has filled up with a constancy and a fidelity to nature that gives us a very much higher estimate of Mrs. NESBITT's genius than we had before entertained. ANDERSON'S *Captain Sidney* was playful, proving what we have long ago observed, that tragedians make the best comedians, if they would but think so. Mrs. TERNAN surprised us with her *Miss Trimmer*; it was capital; so lady-like, so subdued, so quiet, yet so truthful. She is an acquisition to the stage, who will certainly keep her place, and will worthily fill one of the gaps that death has lately made. Nor must we omit

to mention with applause Mr. BARRETT'S *Old Haythorn*, a bluff old man, more often attempted than exhibited upon the stage. This drama cannot fail to have a run, for it pleases all who see it.

THE HAYMARKET has been crowded nightly. The "last" performances of Mr. MACREADY will end on Monday. We saw him in *Othello* last week, and we were much disappointed. He greatly over-acts the character in all respects. His tenderness is much too childish—his fits of rage are too full of physical-force display. *Iago*, also, is unsuited to Mr. DAVENPORT. He rarely seemed other than the charming innocent, having a high estimate of the morality of his own conduct. Mrs. WARNER made of *Amelia* a telling performance; and Miss REYNOLDS looked well as *Desdemona*.

Neither the LYCEUM, the SADLER'S WELLS, or the ADELPHI, have made any changes in their bills since our last.

THE OLYMPIC.—*All that Glitters is not Gold*, has pleased by the strong but natural contrasts, and the superabundant stage tact which the author has displayed, rather than on account of novelty or originality. Old materials are cleverly amalgamated, and a truly affecting and diverting drama is the result. The scene is laid in the family of a wealthy cotton-spinner, one of whose sons is enamoured of a young girl employed confidentially in the establishment, whose beauty, virtue, and general worth fully justified his attachment. Another son is married, but to a young lady of superior condition. She, however, has laid herself open to misconception with regard to the attentions of a former admirer, a fashionable rake, but is shielded by the fiancée of her brother-in-law, who is ignominiously dismissed on suspicion of being the really guilty person. At this point an *eclaircissement* occurs, and all ends happily, the would-be seducer being summarily "warned off the premises," the wife pardoned for her involuntary offence, and the young girl made happy by being united to her employer's son. Mr. W. FARREN, as the *Old Cotton Spinner*, Mrs. STIRLING, as the honest and modest *Factory Girl*, and Mrs. LOUISA HOWARD, as the *Aristocratic Wife*, had easy and congenial parts. The artistic triumph of the piece is the performance of Mr. LEIGH MURRAY, as the young cotton spinner.

THE COLOSSEUM.—*The Lake of Thun*, is a picture which all who value a great artistic triumph, should see.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—A very amusing and instructive course of lectures has been commenced at this institution by Mr. E. ROBERTS, harpist to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on the music of the ancient principle. The lectures are illustrated with vocal music by Miss B. YOUNGE, of the Royal Academy of Music, and describe the ancient songs of the bards, the improvement in melody, and the more recent state of the art. They are of considerable interest, and to musicians and those who delight in tracing the progress of musical art, and its peculiar national character, will be very attractive.

THE APOLLONICON has been removed from the rooms of Flight and Robson in St. Martin's-lane, and is now at the Adelaide Gallery. The self-acting powers of this immense orchestral organ are sufficiently well known: they are exhibited daily in the performance of overtures by WEBER and MOZART. In addition to this there is also a performance on the instrument by musicians of talent. This allows a very copious selection from the best masters, and the result is an entertainment singularly interesting and instructive; one particularly adapted for young persons. The instrument is so constructed that five persons can play at the same time, and the effect thus produced is very striking.

## Private Theatricals.

MISS KELLY'S THEATRE.—There is an impression among some professional actors, that amateur companies are not conducive to their interests: we are of precisely the contrary opinion. The more the taste is cultivated throughout society for theatrical amusements, the greater, in the long run, must be the gain of the regular stage. An amateur company cultivates that taste in itself, and in its various audiences; the latter often being of a class whose favourite pursuits grow fashionable. A few spectators may now and then be drawn away from the muster-roll of some public audience; but, in the main, it is evident that, while additional interest in dramatic matters is thus diffused, while the attention of people is drawn by these additional means to the subject, and thus a feeling is fostered which must in the end redound to the advantage of theatrical representations generally. At the same time, regular actors cannot, as a body, fear a comparison with those who do not, and cannot, give the same study which they do to the art. On the contrary, both their own corps, as in the case of ELLISTON, is often recruited by the ablest of such amateurs, and the public audiences are likely to be

augmented by hitherto unaccustomed visitors. The dormant taste for dramatic representations is often awakened, by amateur performances, in those who had seldom or never paid their money to enter a regular theatre, but who henceforth would have scarce any other means of habitually gratifying a newly-excited predilection. To affirm the contrary would be as illogical, as it would be (to use a very homely illustration), in the seller of some culinary delicacy to complain that his interests were injured because there were half-a-dozen private houses where the guests enjoyed the same luxury home-made. These very guests would be the likeliest purchasers on whom the objector could reckon in future. Some few years ago, there was a great cry for restoring life to our "expiring drama." The cry died away, but the drama still lives, and lives with more and more of a return to vitality. From the Queen, downwards, all classes are disposed to encourage a species of entertainment, to which belong the highest efforts of didactic, satiric, and pathetic poetry, and which (old as the invention of alphabetic characters, if not older), is as natural to the tastes of the human heart as singing and dancing, as laughing and weeping. It has been seen what interest the farewell performances of Mr. MACREADY (though we have had many greater actors), can create in the public mind. It has been seen what assemblages (assemblages too large for the building), crowd to behold *Rachel*, though not speaking the language of the country, and though not acting in such plays as those of SHAKESPEARE. In what, then, was the complaint, to which we have adverted, so true, that the drama was declining? There are three senses in which such a complaint might have. It might, in the first place, mean that our old plays, the noblest, both comic and tragic, in the world, were losing their hold on the public taste. This is manifestly not true: it is disproved by the enthusiasm excited whenever, either those plays, or plays which the public less values and less admires, are worthily embodied on the stage—nay, when but one character in any of them is greatly given. In the second place, the complaint might mean, that our modern contributions towards dramatic literature are altogether unworthy. That this is not wholly true, many fine plays of recent date, and even the names of several eminent living dramatists, show. If, however, it be partly true, let what WASHINGTON IRVING calls the *mismanagement of managers* bear its share of the blame. It requires a great blaze of genius among authors, and a mighty inspiration among actors (*things that never come to stay, but come and go*), to prevail against this cloud. In *Gil Blas*, LE SAGE gives us a humorous receipt, and we doubt not its value, by which, unerringly, to foretell the fate of plays:—In proportion, says he, as managers and actors are unfavourably impressed, in that proportion count on success; and in proportion, as they extol a forthcoming piece, so you may, with great nicety, graduate its doom. If SHAKESPEARE were now living, and as yet unknown to fame, and if he sent his *Merchant of Venice* to a modern theatrical Mimos, it would, after two years' delay, be returned to him, unread, with an intimation that it had been discovered to be in five acts, and that he must make it into three, before it could be examined. We all know the painful history of the production at Covent Garden of poor GOLDSMITH'S inimitable comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*. A third meaning which the complaint might bear, is, that actors, as a body, are not equal to the requirements of our drama. If this be true, we cannot have too many amateur companies. Not only will they kindle fresh zeal and emulation among professional performers, but they may often even yield invaluable recruits to the regular stage. Amateur companies have so multiplied of late years, from Mr. DICKENS'S, downwards, that we thought the subject well worth a few general reflections, in introducing a notice of the performances which, on Tuesday, the 14th of January, were given at Miss KELLY'S Theatre. The pieces played were the comedy of *The Busy Body*, and the farce of *Too Late for Dinner*; and we may say, without exaggeration, that one might go repeatedly to the most popular of our public theatres, without once meeting with more judicious, more spirited, or more effective acting. We speak especially of the after-piece. The audience, in which were numbered many, whose critical and literary reputation is established, were throughout loud in applauding a performance, the excellence of which, out of the walks of professional acting, took them by surprise, or to speak more truly, by storm. *The Busy Body* is an indifferent play to read,—an admirable one on the boards. It is full of situations and of movements—there is infinite zest in the visible mishaps, though but little raciness in the dialogue. Such a play, it will be perceived, must depend immensely on the acting for success. And the success was great. The authoress showed her wit in the action, and her humour in the scenes—not in repartees. A thorough appreciation of, not only the characters, but of their bearings on each other, was evinced by every performer. There was not only study in each part, but a studious

harmony of all the parts as they were given. The chuckling malignity of *Sir Francis Gripe*, occasionally heightened into a sort of fierce and deadly rhapsody of cunning, and all in vain, on account of the element of dotage and vacuity which make him a dupe at last, were given by Mr. KENT, with indescribable effect. He has much of the sheer whimsical concentration of energy of FARREN, with more than his finesse. Mr. W. C. KENT, played *Marplot* with an obtuse and indomitable innocence which added fresh life and charm in every succeeding scene to the movement of the plot. The characteristic of Mrs. LARROLD's *Miranda*, was archness—that of Miss KENT's *Isabinda*, was a sort of elegant petulance. Miss SULLIVAN, in *Patch*, was a marvel of a soubrette, alert, bustling, ready-minded, everything which the part desiderated. The part of *Whisper* is short, but indispensable to the humour and force of the play; and Mr. EDGAR MORRIS seemed the impersonation of comic intrigue. Of the gentlemen who played *Sir Jealous Traffic* and *Sir George Airy*, the former was as vigilant and sanctimonious as need be; the latter, perfectly effective. Mr. WILLIAM BUTLER, as *Charles*, was quiet and intelligent, though betraying somewhat of the nervousness common in amateurs. He understood the character, and showed that he did. The acting in the after-piece was decidedly superior to that in the comedy. We were particularly struck by Mr. KENT's exuberant *Frank Poppleton*, and Mr. EDGAR MORRIS's most cleverly stupid *Tuill*, of *Too Late for Dinner*, kept the audience in a continued uproar of merriment. A prologue and epilogue, composed by Mr. W. C. KENT, the giver of the entertainment, were sparkling with pleasantry.

Among the spectators, were Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., and friends; Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, and family; Lady Congreve's family; Mr. Wylde, M. P., and family; The Marquis Da Via, Major Bere, Captain Broadhead, R. N.; Captain Henry Kent, R. N., and family; Captain and Lady Caroline King, Miss Laura Jewry and party, Mrs. Loudon and party, Dr. Forbes Winslow, Mr. Commissioner Fonblanque, Professor Creasy; Messrs. William Harrison Ainsworth, John Oxenford, George Cruikshank, Alfred Bunn, Tom Taylor, Albert Smith, W. B. Maccabe, J. H. Talley, Alfred Wigan, Murdo Young, G. Lance, M. G. Keogh, Hullah, Macfarren, Klingemann, Gilbert Abbott & Beckett, &c. &c.

## GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE Paris Court of Appeal has pronounced Madame Récamier's deed or gift to have been perfectly valid; but at the same time has forbidden the publication of the letters considering that Madame Récamier herself had no right to authorize it—and while ordering the restitution of the manuscript copy of letters to the heirs of Madame Récamier, has decided that the right of publication rests with the family of Benjamin Constant.—Several well-known men of letters were tried before the Paris tribunal of Correctional Police, on Saturday, for having been concerned in a duel, which happened thus:—On the 30th of October last, an article signed by M. Viennet, reflecting on M. C. Hugo, one of the editors of the *Écènelement*, appeared in the *Corsaire*, of which M. Viennet is an editor. M. Hugo took offence at this, and sent M. Mery and M. Dumas, the eminent authors, to demand reparation. An explanation was given, but some misunderstanding subsequently arose, and a duel was resolved on. As, however, M. Hugo is a very young man, and M. Viennet a very old one, it was settled that M. Viennet's son should fight in his place. The meeting took place with swords in the wood of Meudon, and M. Hugo was slightly wounded. M. Viennet, jun., and his seconds, M. de la Pierre and M. de Grimaldi, and the two seconds of M. Hugo, M. A. Dumas and M. Mery, were tried for the offence. Each of the accused gave explanations, and, in the course of his, M. A. Dumas said that he only consented to act as second to M. Hugo on the express wish of his father, M. Victor Hugo, that he should fight. The tribunal condemned M. Viennet, M. de la Pierre, and M. de Grimaldi to 1000. fine each, M. Mery and M. Dumas to 2000. each.—The vacancy occasioned by the death of M. Alphonse de Villeneuve-Bargemont in the list of members of the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences has been filled up by the election of M. Louis Reybaud, the author of *Jerome Paturot*.—Prof. Oersted has announced to Sir Roderick Murchison, that he has been elected a foreign member of the Royal Danish Academy of Sciences. M. Liebig of Germany, M. Elie de Beaumont of France, and M. Nilsson of Sweden received the like honour on the same occasion.—From Rome, we learn that, the great oriental scholar Monsignor Molise has been appointed to the office of Chief Guardian of the Vatican Library, in the room of M. Laureani,—and that the Abate Martinucci has been nominated to fill the office of sub-chief.—About 3000. has been collected, almost exclusively in pence, from the working classes at Macclesfield, towards the establishment of a public park and free library.—It is said that Government intend to bring in a bill for the purpose of protecting from piracy inventions, &c., not already protected by the Designs Act of last year.

The *Tablet* states that Professor de Vericour's book, "The Historical Analysis of Christian Civilization," has been placed on the "Index Expurgatorius" at Rome, and its use prohibited.—An important scientific work is in preparation by Professor Gillespie of Union College, U. S., entitled "The Philosophy of Mathematics," translated from the French of Comte, and accompanied with notes for the use of the American reader. This will appear, in the course of the season, from one of the publishing houses in New York.—Lola Montes has received a slight respecting her Memoirs. The King of Bavaria has been so little flattered by the dedication of these Memoirs that he has requested her not to mention him in them. Probably all her illustrious friends will share this feeling.—The literary event of the past few weeks in France has been George Sand's new drama, *Claudie*—performed with immense success, and, according to Jules Janin, the success was deserved. It is a dramédyl: the action passes wholly amidst rustic scenes, and a perfume of new-made hay impregnates the air; but the story itself is one of suffering and crime. George Sand has boldly ventured from the beaten track of dramatic morality and startled her audience with the novelty of truth.—The *Leader* remarks the significant fact that French Literature has of late years undertaken to rehabilitate Courtzeans, giving them a prominence which they have not had since the days of Horace and Catullus. True it is that France has been celebrated for its Aspasias from the time of Ninon de l'Enclos downwards; but now, besides the halo thrown by Victor Hugo in *Marion de Lorme* and *Angelo*, by Alfred de Musset in *Carmen*, by George Sand in so many places, by Balzac, and recently on the stage in *Le Moineau de Lesbie*, and Emile Augier's last piece, *Le Joueur de Flute*—in all of which may be traced more or less of the impulsion of the imperishable *Manon Lescaut*—there is a tacit understanding that the *Lorette* (a name given to the class because the church of Notre Dame de la Lorette raises its spire amidst their favourite quarter) is to figure as an actor, if not a principal, in all novels of the day. In England, "Oh, no, we never mention them!"—The recent statement in reference to Dr. Kitto's infirmities—that he is both deaf and dumb—is corrected, "on the best authority;" only the former of these misfortunes is suffered by him.

Lord John Russell has, unsolicited, appointed the second son of Mr. Douglas Jerrold to a clerkship in the Treasury.—The Queen has conferred a pension of 1000. a year on the civil list upon Mrs. Liston, widow of the eminent surgeon, whose affairs at his decease were not found in the prosperous condition that might have been expected from his extensive practice and professional reputation. Her Majesty has also placed upon the civil list for 500. a year the widow of Mr. Sturgeon, of Manchester, upon whom a pension was lately conferred, but which he lived so short a time to enjoy.—The Lord Chancellor has presented the Reverend Charles Cuthbert Southey, son of the poet, to the vicarage of Ardleigh, Essex, vacant by the death of the Reverend Henry Bishop.—Mr. E. Edwards, who was for the last eleven years employed in the library of the British Museum, has been appointed librarian of the Manchester Free Public Library, at a salary of 2000. a year.—Wilhelm Meinhold, the author of *The Amber Witch*, lately the pastor of a parish in Pomerania, is now at Berlin, preparing for admission into the Roman Catholic Church. His works exhibit the strong antipathy he always had to the philosophical rationalism of an influential school of German theology, and his friends have long anticipated his conversion.—Lord John Russell has addressed a letter to the President of the Edinburgh Royal Society, announcing the intention of Government to place 1,0000. at the disposal of the society this year for scientific purposes.—Sir E. Lytton Bulwer has lost no time in commencing to give effect to the munificent intentions in favour of the establishment of a new literary fund which he expressed at the termination of the theatrical entertainments given by him at Knebworth. The play which he then undertook to write, for performance, in furtherance of that object, by the literary amateurs, is already written, and will shortly be in the hands of the actors for whom it has been expressly cast.

Among the recent deaths in Prussia is that of M. Link, the senior Professor of Berlin University, celebrated as a botanist and writer on natural philosophy. According to custom, a funeral oration was pronounced over his grave; but, unfortunately, the clergyman selected being a strictly orthodox pietist, and not being able to approve of the spirit of some of the writings of the deceased, censured them in most unbecoming language, to the indignation of the numerous friends present.—Exhibitors at the Grand International Contest of 1851 will be glad to learn that Her Majesty's Government intend to bring in a bill for the purpose of protecting from piracy inventions, &c., not protected already by the Designs Act of last year.

The trustees of the Owens College, Manchester, we read in the local papers, have appointed Dr. Edward Frankland to the chair of chemistry in that institution.—Mr. W. C. Williamson, surgeon, of Manchester, has been appointed by the trustees of Owens College to fill the chair of natural history, which includes the teaching of botany, zoology, geology, and physiology. Mr. Tobias Theodores, who has long resided in Manchester as a teacher of several modern languages, has been appointed professor of German.—The Government of Austria has become sensible of

the justice of an international copyright law, securing to the respective authors, sculptors, painters, musicians, and inventors of each country the reward of their genius and industry in the great civilized community. An authorized agent from Vienna, Herr Bascher, is now in Paris consulting literary men, artists, and others on the subject, with a view to compare ideas and mature plans. He is shortly to be in London on the same errand.—A free library and museum are to be established in Manchester. Mr. John Potter, the mayor, who has been for some time engaged in promoting this good work, has obtained subscriptions amounting to about the sum of 6,3000. The hall in Camp Field has been purchased for the purpose, the owner, Sir Oswald Mosley, presenting half the purchase money, 9130. to the institution. A reading-room, supplied with the newspapers, magazines, and periodicals, is to be open to the public, and upwards of 3,0000. is to be expended in the purchase of books, of which all excepting works of reference are to be circulated freely among those who may wish to read them at home. The books of reference may be consulted at the library. The corporation will be able to avail themselves of Mr. Ewart's act, and under its provisions to make a rate of a halfpenny in the pound for its support.

The Paris correspondent of *The Literary Gazette* furnishes the following French gossip:—A curious specimen of what may be called the *mœurs littéraires* of this country was exposed, a few days ago, before a court of justice, in the course of some squabble between two tradesmen. Leon Gozlan, well known to the public as a dramatist, lately received a commission for the *feuilleton* of one of the daily newspapers. He immediately drew up a detailed account of the plot he intended to employ, with descriptions of the principal scenes and incidents. He then charged an advertisement agent to carry this document round to the principal tradesmen, and in his name to propose to them (of course for a consideration) to introduce their names and addresses, with puffs on their wares, in particular places. His prospectus ran somewhat in this way: "Chapter I. Marriage of the hero and the heroine. (Here the author can introduce the name and address of the former's tailor, and of the latter's milliner, with a glowing description of the excellence of the garments.) Chapter XX. The husband having obtained proofs of his wife's guilt, rushes upon her with pistols and poison, that she may choose which death she will die. (Names of gunsmith and druggist to come in here.) Chapter XXI. She dies, and is to be buried. (Name of undertaker.) XXII. Turns out to be only in a trance, and is brought to life by Dr. Street." In short, there was not a single chapter, nor a single incident, which our ingenious author did not propose to make the vehicle of a puff. Opinions may perhaps differ as to the literary value of this new line of novel writing; but at least all will agree in admitting that it is a bold and daring advance in the noble art of advertising. Another little circumstance, illustrative of the ways of thinking and acting of the *littérateurs* of France may here be cited, although it is a week or two old.—Victor Hugo, some months ago, started his two sons—young men—in the literary world, as editors of an evening newspaper. One of them recently got into a dispute with an editor of a rival paper. The two editors wrote sundry bitter things of each other, to which, as the law requires, they attached their names. A duel was at last proposed by young Hugo, but as his adversary was almost old enough to be his grandfather, it was resolved that the adversary's son should replace him. The matter, however, being of no real importance, mutual friends attempted to effect a reconciliation: but Victor Hugo, the father, would not hear of this: his son, he said, was commencing a career full of difficulty and danger, and it was absolutely necessary that he should prove his courage at the outset: fight, therefore, he should, at every risk, and he himself went and sought Alexandre Dumas to serve as the young man's second. This act of a father sending out his son to meet possible death, was greatly admired by the whole literary world, and was likened to sundry well-known examples of the heroism of the ancients.

## SCRAPS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

An English pen thus characterizes the greatness of London:—"Within a circumference, the radius of which does not exceed five miles, there are never fewer than a million and a half of human beings; and if the great bell of St. Paul's were swung to the full pitch of its tocsin sound, more ears would hear it than could hear the loudest roar of Etna and Vesuvius. If we take our station in the ball or upper gallery of that great edifice, the wide horizon, crowded as it is with men and their dwellings, forms a panorama of industry and of life more astonishing than could be gazed upon from any other point in the universe. It is alike the abode of intelligence and industry, the centre of trade and commerce, the resort of the learned and inquiring, the spot that has given birth to and where have flourished the greatest kings, statesmen, orators, divines, lawyers, warriors, poets, painters, and musicians, besides historians who have immortalized them. London is now not merely the largest city in the known world, but it exceeds in opulence, splendour, and luxury (perhaps in misery), all that ever was recorded of any city. Indeed, it



may be safely affirmed to be the largest congregated mass of human life, arts, science, wealth, power, and architectural splendour that exists, or, in almost all these particulars, that ever have existed, within the known annals of mankind. London is equal in extent to any three or four other European capitals united, and superior to thirty of the largest towns in the United Kingdom, if brought together. It would require sixty cities as large as Exeter, or 534 towns as large as Huntingdon, to make another metropolis; and it is computed that a population equal to that of Salisbury is added to London every three months.

THE CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE.—[One of our greatest and most enlightened manufacturers gives the following interesting account of the condition of the labouring classes:—"Brighter days have at last dawned upon us, holding out the realisation to the fullest extent of those predictions which the 'dreamers' of a free-trade policy ever so strenuously insisted upon, when the policy of protection should once be subverted. I say dawned, because we find that in the case of the master-manufacturer of cotton, there is still a heavy loss to be sustained, by reason of the dearth of the raw material. In other instances the exception does not apply. I know of no other manufacture which is not flourishing, and the exceptional affair as regards cotton does not affect the extent of the trade, for that is still enormous, as the exports show; nor does it affect the prosperity of the trade, so as to concern the operative class; on the contrary, that class I have never before known so prosperous as they now are. They have command of more employment, more food, and more leisure than at any previous period within my knowledge. They appear unconscious of any political wants. Chartism is dead. The only craving which they appear to manifest is for pleasure-taking, and in this respect we have cause of congratulation in the change which of recent years has come over their desires. They no longer seek the rude enjoyments of a Lancashire peasantry of bygone days; they appear to have become enamoured of other enjoyments—those of a more intellectual character, such as railway excursions and tea parties, and in these they cannot take part with effect unless they are attired in some pretension to finery."

### FUN OF THE TIME.

THERE is a man living in the backwoods, who, being invited to a new year's dinner, ate so much bear's meat that he went home and *hugged his wife*—a thing he had never been guilty of before.

A RICH SPECIMEN OF (ENGLISH) PROVINCIAL CLERICAL READING.—"Lawtummuzzy pon's, 'nincline er rarts to keep 's law."

THE DISTILLED ESSENCE OF THE YANKEE.—Mr. Collins, of steam-ship celebrity, is thus described by the *Unit*, a phenological journal:—"He has a general go-aheadiveness of character. He is emphatically a steamboat in breeches; possessing in himself, in a very high degree, all the traits that constitute the Yankee. He is a living representative of the best written description of the real American character carried out to its ultimates to repetition."

The parish clerk of Westcote, near Stow-on-the-Wold, has resigned his office. His mode of proceeding was by placing the following notice on the church door:—"This is to give notice that I shan't be clerk any longer, so you be at liberty to get another."

RIDDLE FOR ENGLISHMEN.—Scene, a draper's shop.—Old woman (looking at a piece of cloth) to the shopman—Aw oo? Shopman—Oo i, aw oo. Woman—Aw ae oo? Shopman—Oo i, aw ae oo. Explanation.—Purchaser—All wool? Shopman—Oh yes, all wool.—Purchaser—All one (kind of) wool? Shopman—Oh, yes, all one wool.—*Scottish Press*.

A Yankee editor remarked in a polemical article, that though he would not call his opponent a liar, he must say, that if the gentleman had intended to state what was utterly false, he had been remarkably successful in his attempt.

SYDNEY SMITH, upon seeing a lump of American ice, remarked that "he was glad to see anything solvent come from America."

The sexton of Salisbury cathedral was telling Lamb that eight persons had dined together upon the top of the spire, upon which he remarked that "they must have been sharp set."

### THE DUTCHMAN'S SCHEDULE.

I've got a pig cat, and I've got a pig tog,  
I've got a pig calf, and I've got a pig hog,  
I've got a pig paby so pig and so tall,  
And I've got a pig wife dat's pigger dan all.

### WHY IS A DANDY LIKE A MUSHROOM?

Because he's a regular saphend,  
His waist is remarkably slender;  
His growth is exceedingly rapid,  
And his top is uncommonly tender.

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

### MARRIAGES.

HOWE—PRENTICE.—On the 4th January, at St. Thomas's Church, Dublin, M. C. Howe, Esq., ex-scholar T. C. D. Head Classical Master in the Royal Belfast Academical Institution, to Hester Jane, eldest daughter of the late James Charles Prentice, Esq., M.D., Rathdrum, county of Wicklow.

### DEATHS.

BRANDRAM.—On Thursday, the 26th December, at Brighton, the Rev. Andrew Brandram, M.A., rector of Beckenham, and for twenty-seven years the highly-respected and much-esteemed Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

DROLLING.—In Paris, M. Drolling, the well known painter and member of the Academy of Arts.

FRAGONARD.—In Paris, M. Alexandre Fragonard, the eminent French painter and sculptor. He was a pupil of David. As a statuist, his great work is the frontispiece of the old Chamber of Deputies; and, as a painter, he executed several fine pieces, amongst others, a ceiling of the Louvre, representing Tasso reading his "Jerusalem."

GRIME.—On the 14th December, Major Grime, Governor of Tobago, of paralysis, after an illness of a day and a half.

HARFIELD.—Last week, in London, Mr. James Harfield, for twenty years connected with the literary department of *The Morning Chronicle*. The deceased was a man of very extensive, and in some respects peculiar, attainments. His reading in every department of literature was prodigious, and his memory almost a phenomenon. On all matters connected with Parliamentary history, precedent, and etiquette in particular, Mr. Harfield was a perfect encyclopedia of information. In early life Mr. Harfield was a protegee of, and afterwards acted as secretary to, Jeremy Bentham, who acknowledged his sense of his young friend's services by bequeathing to him the whole of his magnificent library.

LEURET.—On the 6th January, at Nancy, Dr. Leuret, the physician of Bicetre, well known to the scientific world by his profound works on mental derangement and the anatomy of the brain.

LINCK.—On the 1st January, at Berlin, aged 81, Dr. Linck, director of the Royal Botanical Garden in Berlin, and the oldest member of the Royal Academy of Sciences.

MAXWELL.—Recently, at Musselburgh, near Edinburgh, W. H. Maxwell, Esq., the Irish novelist, author of "Stories of Waterloo," "Wild Sports of the West," &c. He had travelled thither, fitted out with guns and fishing tackle, on his way to the far north, with the object of acquiring materials for a work on the "Wild Sports of the Orkneys."

PERRIE.—At Paris, M. Louis Perrie, chief editor of *Le Siecle*.

RANIERI.—At Guardiagrele, in the Abruzzi, N. Ranieri, a painter of some reputation, at the advanced age of 101. He never drank wine, and his diet was extremely simple.

SANDER.—At Brunswick, in his 72nd year, Herr Charles Matthew Sander, described as one of the most celebrated surgeons of Germany, and author of many works not only in illustration of his more immediate profession and of medicine, but also on Greek philology and archaeology.

SVERDRUP.—In Norway, M. Christian Lauritz Sverdrup, in his 79th year. M. Sverdrup has occupied the chair of philology at the University of Christiani since the foundation of that establishment by Frederick VI., King of Denmark, in 1808.

WILSON.—Last week, H. Wilson, Esq., the eminent chess player, of Springvale, Isle of Wight, one of the last surviving veterans of the transition school between those of Philidor and De la Bourdonnais. He was selected as marshal of the lists for England, in the memorable contest at Paris between Staunton and St. Amant.

## PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

THE Book Post is about to be extended to the colonies. By a recent Treasury warrant it is provided, that on and after the 1st of March, any book may be sent from any part of the United Kingdom to any part of the British West Indies, Newfoundland, Gibraltar, Malta, or Hong-Kong, or *vice versa*, at the following low rates:—

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—and so on. Each packet must consist of a single volume: it must be sent open at the ends like a newspaper, and must contain no writing except the address. The postage must be prepaid, if sent from the United Kingdom, in stamps, if from the colony, in money. It is understood that as soon as the concurrence of the several colonial governments can be obtained, the measure will be extended to the other colonies.

The second part of this work (believed to be one of the best Mr. JAMES has ever written,) will appear in *The International Magazine* for January, from the autograph of the distinguished author.

## Books, Music, and Works of Art

RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

From January 15, to February 1, 1851.

[Some errors in delivery having occurred, we purpose, in future, to acknowledge the receipt of all Books, Music, and Works of Art forwarded for review, and which will be noticed with all convenient speed. Publishers and Authors are requested to apprise the Editor of any Works sent that may not appear in this List.]

From Mr. JOHN CHAPMAN.

Catholicity, Spiritual and Intellectual. Nos. I. II. and III. Lecture on Social Science. Duty of England.

From Mr. COLBURN.

Diary of Samuel Pepys. Vol. I. The Avenger. The Daughter of Night.

From Mr. T. C. NEWBY.

Scenes from Italian Life.

From Mr. JOHN MURRAY.

Treatise on the Law and Practice of Naval Court Martials.

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The Task of the Age.

Happy Evenings, or, the Literary Institution at Home.

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Letter to Archbishop of Canterbury.

Second Letter to the Right Hon. Sir Charles Wood.

Letter to Lord Campbell.

Peter Little, or, the Lucky Sixpence.

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